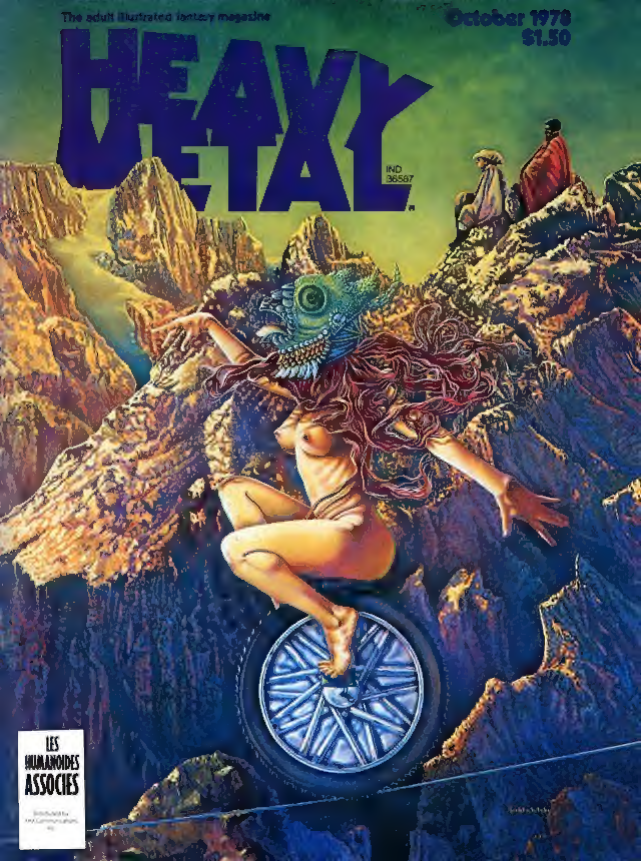
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

October 1978
$1.50

HEAVY METAL

IND 36597



LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

ANIMAL HOUSE

A comedy from Universal Pictures

THE MATTY SIMMONS - IVAN REITMAN PRODUCTION

"NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE" starring JOHN BELUSHI · TIM MATHESON · JOHN VERNON
VERNA BLOOM · THOMAS HULCE and DONALD SUTHERLAND as JENNINGS
Produced by MATTY SIMMONS and IVAN REITMAN · Music by ELMER BERNSTEIN
Written by HAROLD RAMIS, DOUGLAS KENNEY & CHRIS MILLER · Directed by JOHN LANDIS

Song "ANIMAL HOUSE" Composed and Performed by STEPHEN BISHOP

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE TECHNICOLOR®

Original sound tracks on MCA Records & Tapes

"National Lampoon's Animal House" Movie Book at Newsstands and Bookstores

R RESTRICTED

Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

© 1978 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CHAIN MAIL

Deear Edidorz,

Wejoyda komigstrep "Nindeen Nindee Six" ba Canareedi sumtimz. Wurjur wur natha owntee wonz. Wurmizing toomuj sopleez tide a terpretajon ontha hodomov or endov da komigstrep. Weej preejeeadi.

Responz reguezded.

Zinzarlee,
Debradee Bakondine an
Jonee Benajon
Zanhoza, Kalavornia

Dear Dee 'n' Jay:

Bud thudud tayg ahuh fun owdur id!—Edz.

Dear *HM*,

"Urm" was incredible! Druillet is, in my opinion, the most talented artwise, even though his colors could take a longer time. All of your strips are terrific and imaginative, especially "1996," which takes me about an hour to read each time!

Sam Powell
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sam,

Tayz ahowd unower tu ride id, too.—Edz.

Dear Editors,

Super cover on the June issue—it's nice to see a woman who isn't lying on her back with a) fear, b) anticipation, or c) both in her eyes. However, I'm not writing to argue with you about sexist content. I'm more interested in the artwork, anyway. (But here's a cheer for Bob Aull's rape scene—a Bronx one.)

Please give us more Moebius, more Barbarella, and more Kofoed.

Finally, your June issue was *made* when I saw page 24, "Technician Visions" and I have something in common—although it isn't our measurements.

If you could get *HM* past the censors, you could clean up here in Japan. Some of my Japanese coworkers go crazy when I leave the latest issue in the break-room.

Misty I. Bastian
Kadena AFB, Okinawa

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things. The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.

The 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur.
© Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. N.Y. Sole Importers

HEAVY METAL

Vol. II, No. 6 October 1978

CONTENTS

Chain Mail, 1

...Perhaps..., 4

The New Tales of the Arabian Nights, Sindbad in the Land of Jinn, by **Corben and Strnad,** 5

Exterminator 17, by **Bilal,** 9

Orion, by **Morrow,** 24

Off-Season, by **Zha and Claveloux,** 32

Gail, by **Druillet,** 40

Blob, by **Druillet,** 45

Dawn of the Dead, by **George Romero and Susanna Sparrow,** 48

Rochberny, by **Rochberny,** 53

One Foot in Eden, by **Wheatley,** 54

The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius,** 63

Shattered Like a Glass Goblin, by **Ellison and Stout,** 66

Heilman, by **Voss,** 77

So Beautiful and So Dangerous, by **McKie,** 85

Curious Thing, by **Bissette,** 93

Front cover by **Ron Walotsky**

Back cover by **Doug Beekman**

"Shattered Like a Glass Goblin," the graphic story version, copyright © 1978, by Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. Original story copyright © 1969, by Harlan Ellison.

"Sindbad in the Land of Jinn," from *The New Tales of the Arabian Nights,* copyright © 1978, by Richard Corben and Jan Strnad.

"Orion," copyright © 1978, by Gray Morrow.

"Rochberny," copyright © 1978, by Jacques Rochberny.

"One Foot in Eden," copyright © 1978, by Mark Wheatley.

"Curious Thing," copyright © 1978, by Stephen Bissette.

"So Beautiful and So Dangerous," copyright © 1978, by Angus McKie. Represented by Young Artists, London, England.

"Exterminator 17," by Bilal, "Off-Season," by Zha and Claveloux, "Gail," by Druillet, "The Garage," by Moebius, and "Heilman," by Voss are all from *Metal Hurlant,* copyright © 1976, 1977, 1978. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associés, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

Front cover, copyright © 1978, by Ron Walotsky.

Back cover, copyright © 1978, by Douglas Beekman.

Editors: Sean Kelly, Valerie Mashoter
Copy Editor: Susan Devins
Foreign Rights Manager: Barbara Siberstein
Art Assistant: Bill Workman

Design Director: Peter Kleinman
Managing Editor: Julie Simmons
Production Manager: George Agoglia, Jr.
Publisher: Richard B. Berberian
Art Assistant: Joey Green

Art Director: John Workman
Circulation Director: George S. Agoglia, Sr.
Publishing Directors: Misty Simmons and Leonard Mogel
Advertising Manager: Colin Wight

The Best Comix From The UNDERGROUND

Here's your chance to pick up on some of the most amazing adult cartooning available.

HUMOR PACKAGE
These six comix will make you giggle like getting loaded for the first time. Let these crazy cartoonists tickle your ribs.
Humor Package: $5.50

DOPE PACKAGE
Seven comix that deal with the subject of tokin', tootin' and droppin' various goodies. Includes **Freak Brothers No. 4** and **No. 5!** Much information and satire on the drug culture.
Dope Package: $6.25

SEX PACKAGE
Four comix, including the infamous **Zap No. 4**, and a special 160 page book featuring the collected drawings from **Snatch** and **Jiz** comix. Unbelievable!
Sex Package: $7.20

COMIX INTRO PACKAGE
An assortment of six general interest titles that should serve as an ideal introduction to this exciting media
Comix Intro Package: $5.50

KRUPP'S GIANT CATALOG
Containing over 250 underground comic titles, the Krupp Giant Catalog is your complete one-stop source for underground literature. It's 100 pages (40 in full color) also feature a full line of headgear, plus books, posters, T-shirts and more.

Just **$1.00** *which is refundable with your first order.*

BONUS: Order any comix package on this page and get the giant catalog FREE!

___ Sex Package @ $7.20
___ Humor Package @ $5.50
___ Dope Package @ $6.25
___ Comix Intro Package @ $5.50
___ Krupp's Giant Catalog @ $1.00 (Free with any order!)

Include **50¢ postage** with each comic order

You must be over 18. Sign here: I am 18 or older

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Use your ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge card

card number _____ expiration date

Send to: KRUPP MAIL ORDER
P.O. Box 9090 Dept. HM-4
Boulder, Co. 80303

...PERHAPS...

Illustration by Charles Vess

In this month when the dead arise & walk around in their bones, & religious services are conducted backward with black turnips for munchies, & toads see eye to eye with punkins, we bring you a suitably macabre edition of *Heavy Metal*.

A zombie jamboree from *Dawn of the Dead*, the flick that should do for shopping malls what Great White Bruce did for beach parties; illuminated fiction by Mark Wheatley (new to our pages) that tells you perhaps more than you wished to know about dragons' libidos; and an illustrated version of Harlan Ellison's classic nail-biter, *Shattered Like a Glass Goblin*. (Advice to those of you who subscribe to the Braille version of *HM*— do not read this issue in the dark.)

We are pleased to introduce the amazing Angus McKie, whose story, "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," begins within. A. Mc K. lives, it seems, in England, and no one there has told him that comics don't have to be written and drawn as well as this. So we can count on seven more stunning chapters, if he doesn't find out.

We also bring you the first of 8 episodes of "Exterminator 17," a collaboration between *Metal Hurlant* editor J.P. Dionnet & artist Enki Bilal. It concerns, among other things, undead androids, & stands out as Real-Thing Science Fiction among these pages full of off-the-wall variations.

Next month, we will present you with a deck of Tarot cards with which to play and always, always lose.

Heavy apology to Harlan Ellison, Byron Preiss Visual Publications, and Baronet Publishing for the indignities heaped upon their version of Ellison's classic *Croatoan* in our last issue. Seems someone saw fit to run the *last* page *first*, *white* type in *black*, *black* type in *white*, and so forth. For the correct pagination, plus a host of other illustrated Ellison stories by Steranko, Reese, and *Shattered*'s own Bill Stout, there's a coupon ad for The Illustrated Harlan Ellison in this issue.

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman **Kelly Simmons** President **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice-President, Circulation **George O. Apostle**
Vice President, Finance **Charles Schneider**
Vice-President, Creative Projects **Sean Kelly**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard B. Gerlinkmen**
Controller **Esther Berrell**

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE: "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. Copyright © 1979 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3578 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: Colin Wright, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4679. Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. West Coast: Lowell Fox and Associates, 16633 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. Southern Offices: Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9620.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn
"...annoyances proliferated..."
"...and roughly one first month."
Zeyd!
We'll all die if we don't find water, Akissa.
That means a detour through Ketra...a delay.
Make camp. We'll head for Ketra in the morning.
New Tales of the Arabian Nights

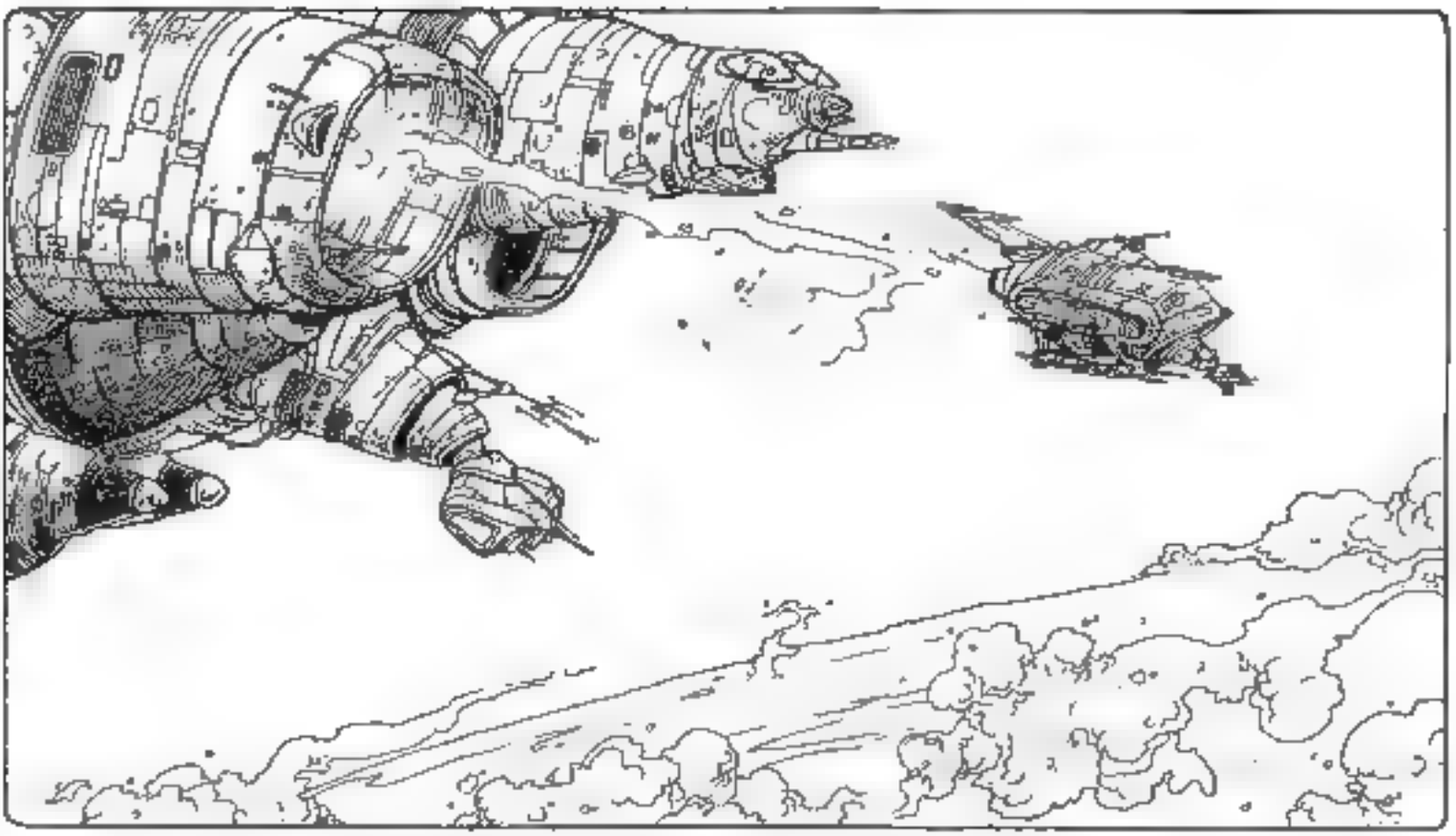
"A strange energy pervades this land. That night, though physically exhausted, my body throbbed with a desire that wouldn't be repressed."

So...you feel it too.
Yes.

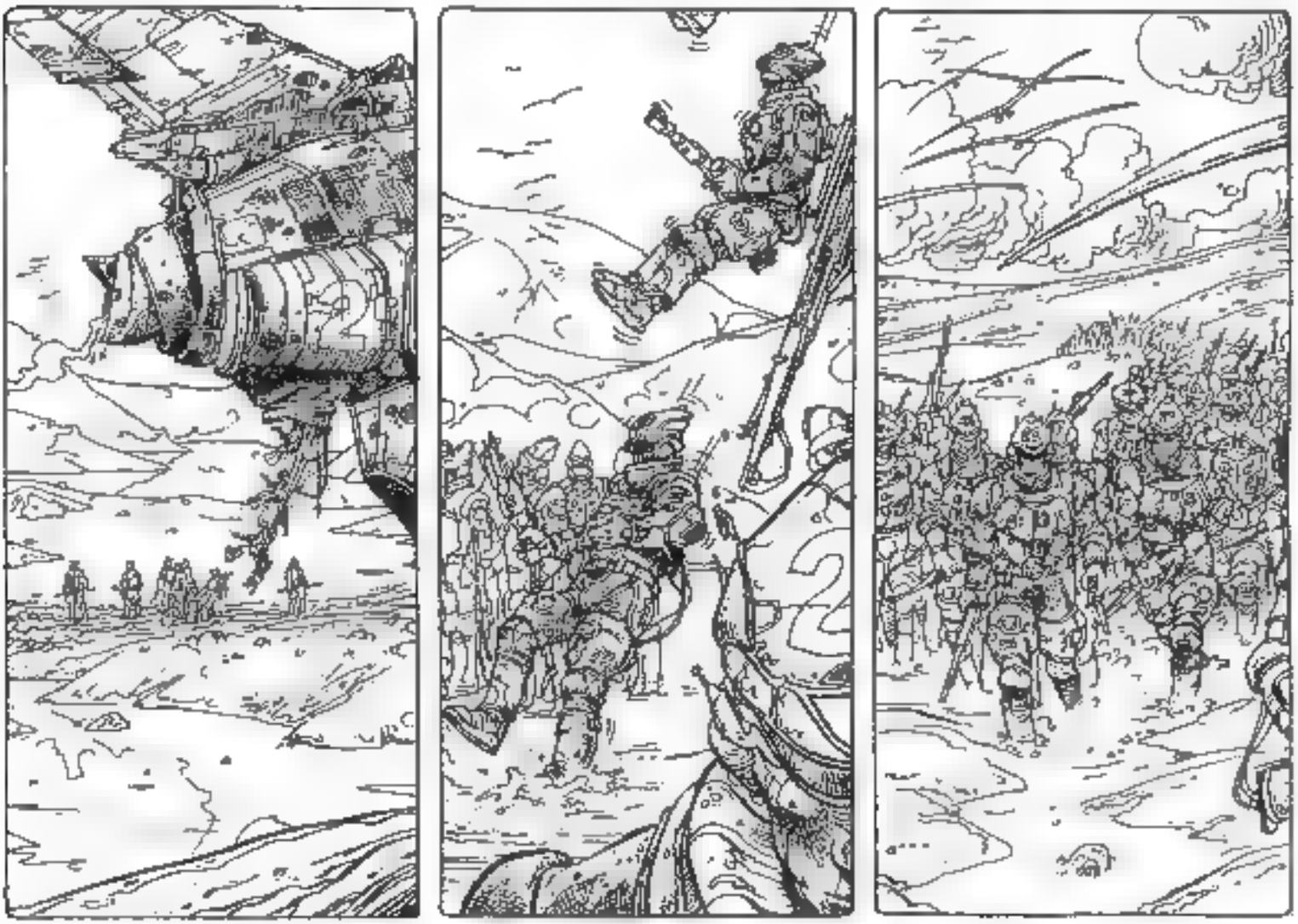
AIIII!
SCHSCHSCHSCHSCH

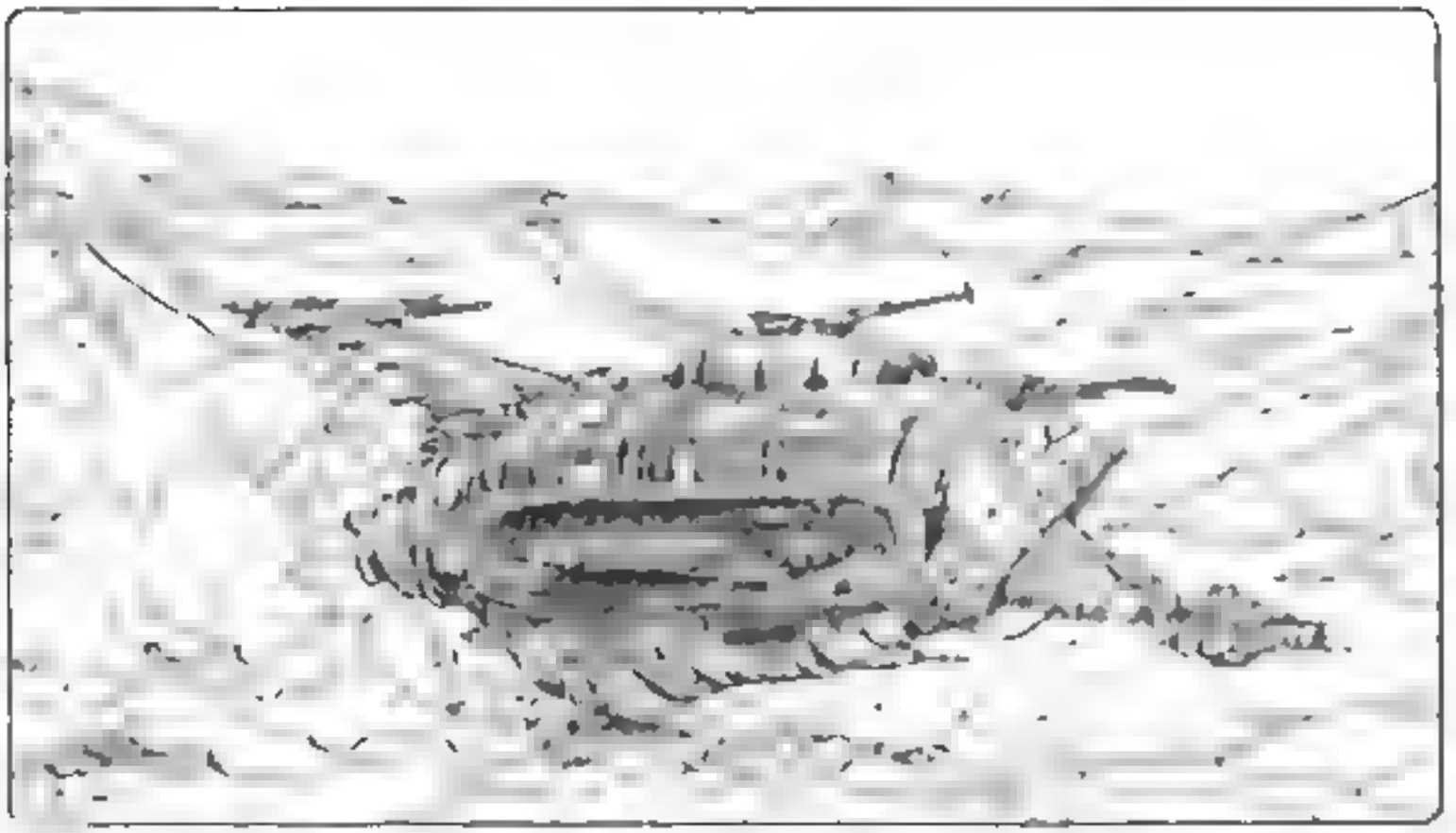
Sindbad!
SCH-K-K-K-SCH
Allah save us!
to be continued

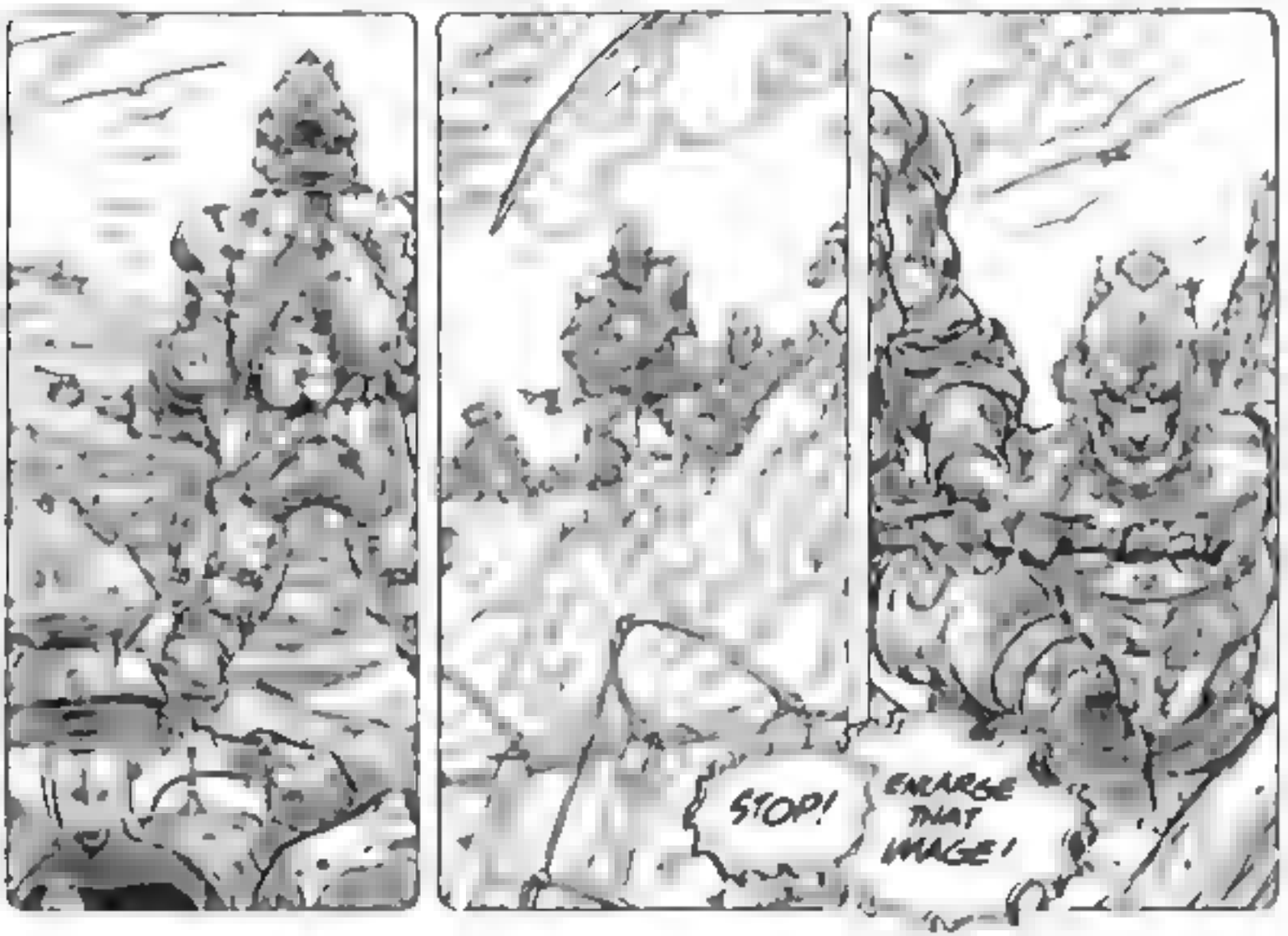
EXTERMINATOR
17

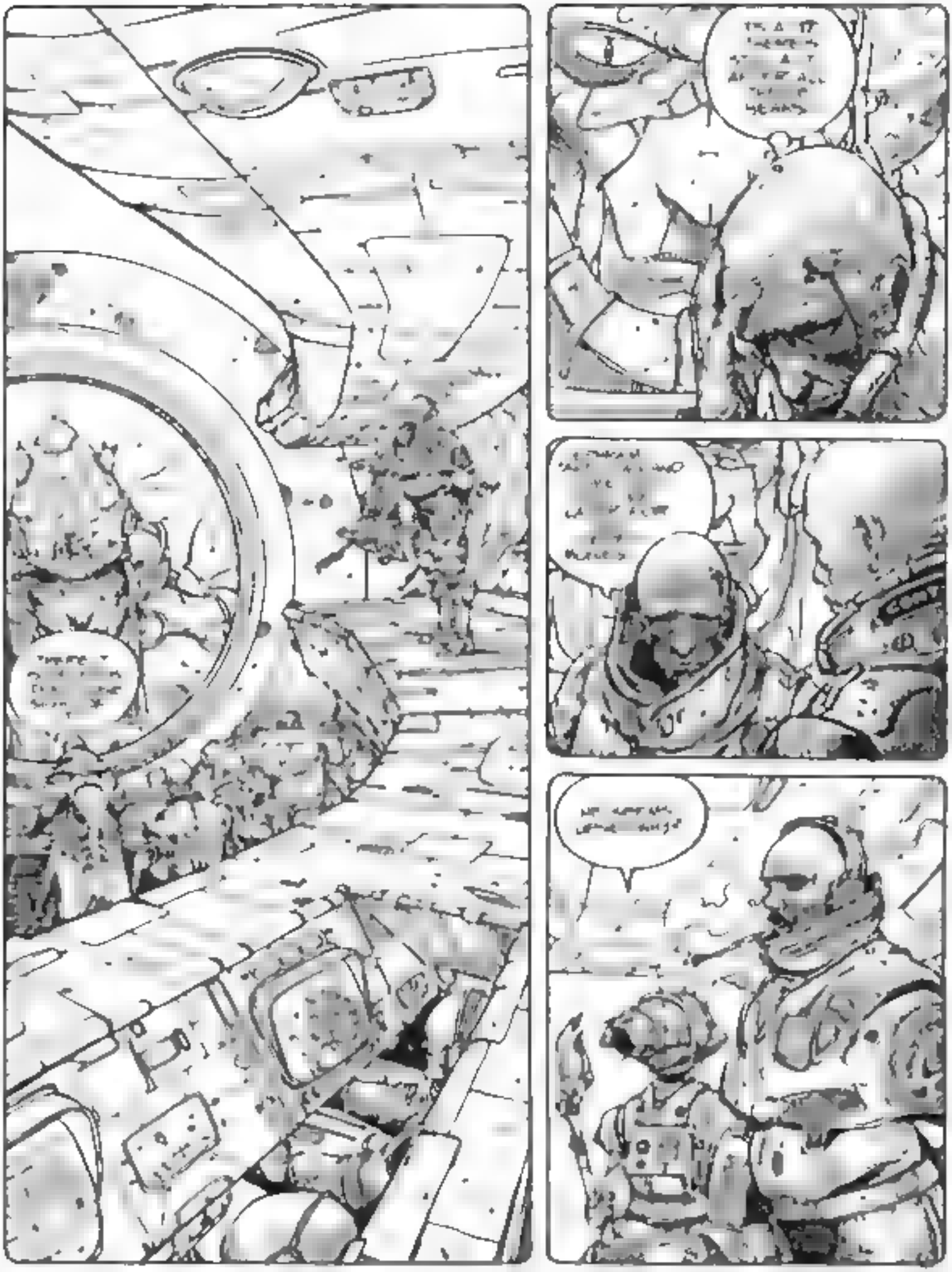


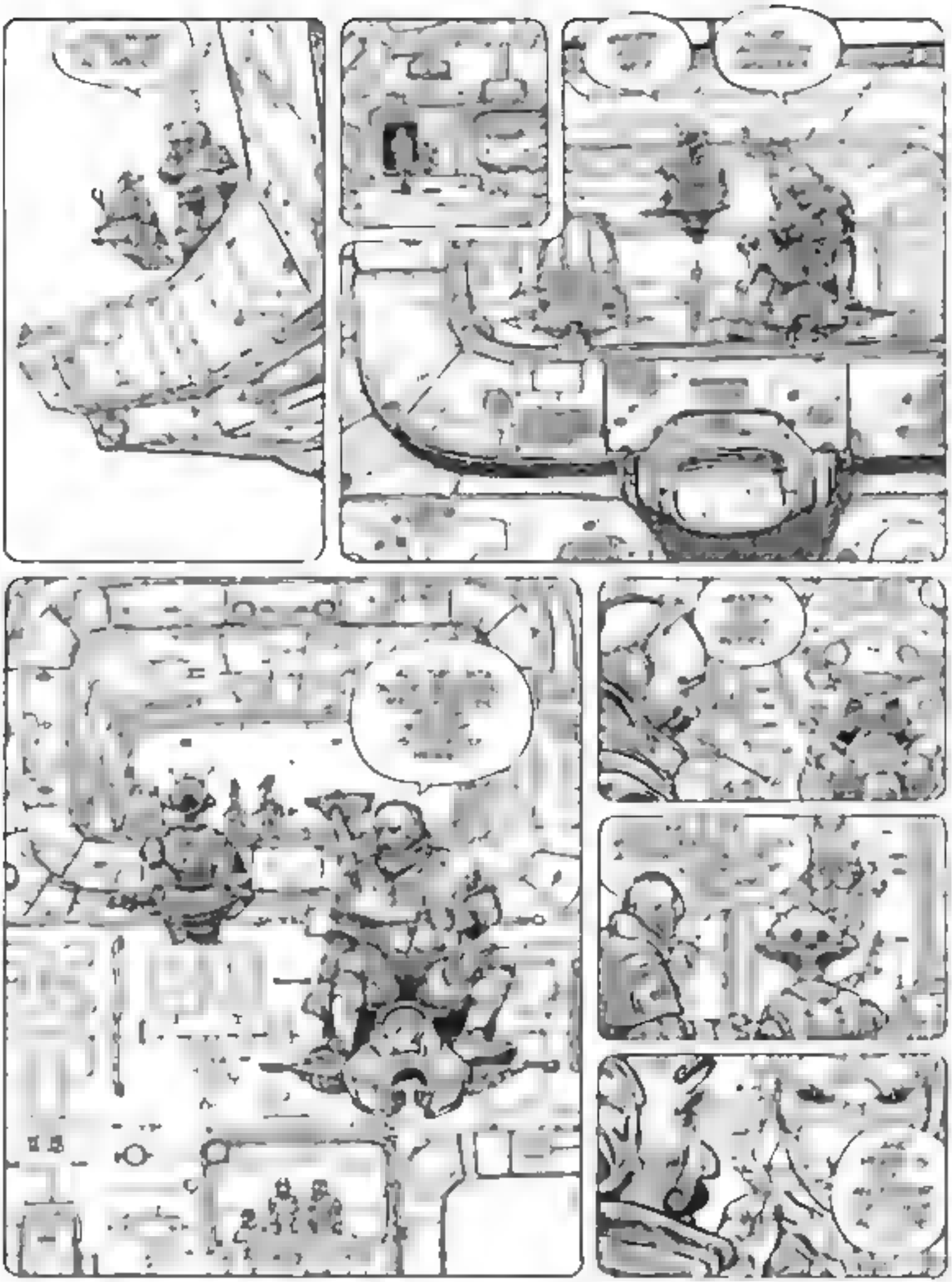
AUXILIARY ATTACK AGAINST PLANETOID NOMADIC-CONFEDERATION REPTILIAN-MOTIVE RUPTURED ALLEGIANCE-FORCES ENGAGED.

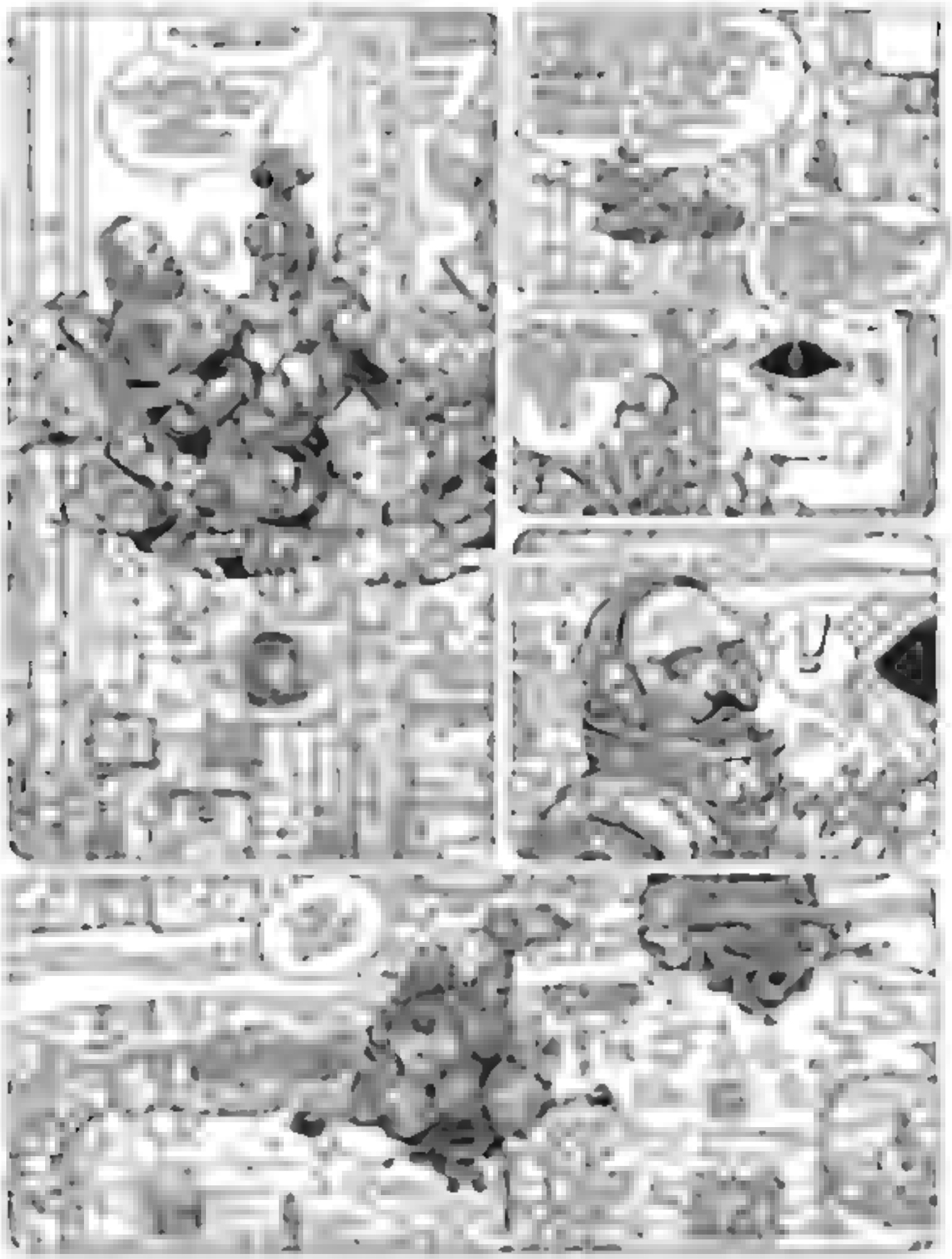





STOP!
ENLARGE THAT IMAGE!



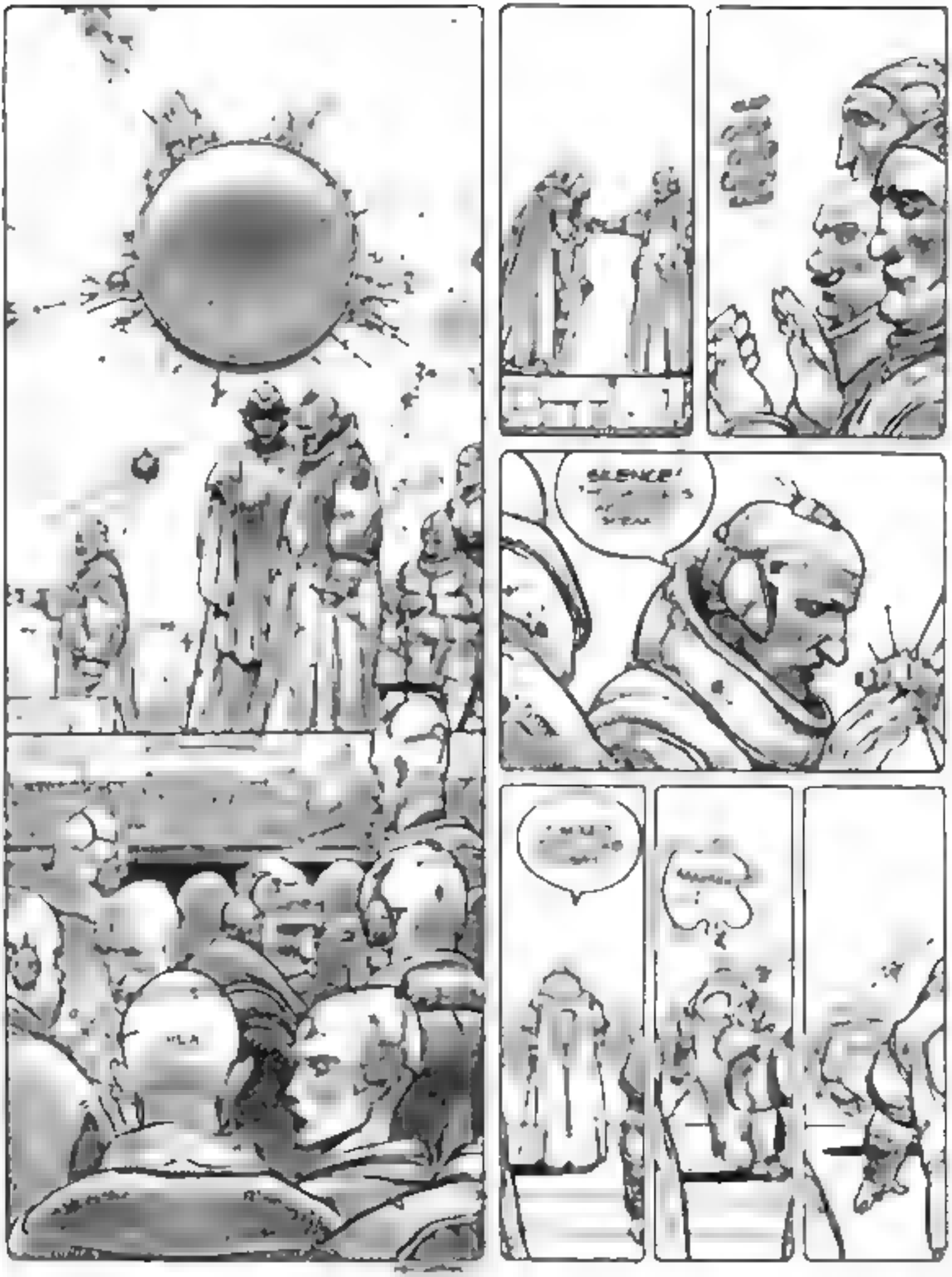


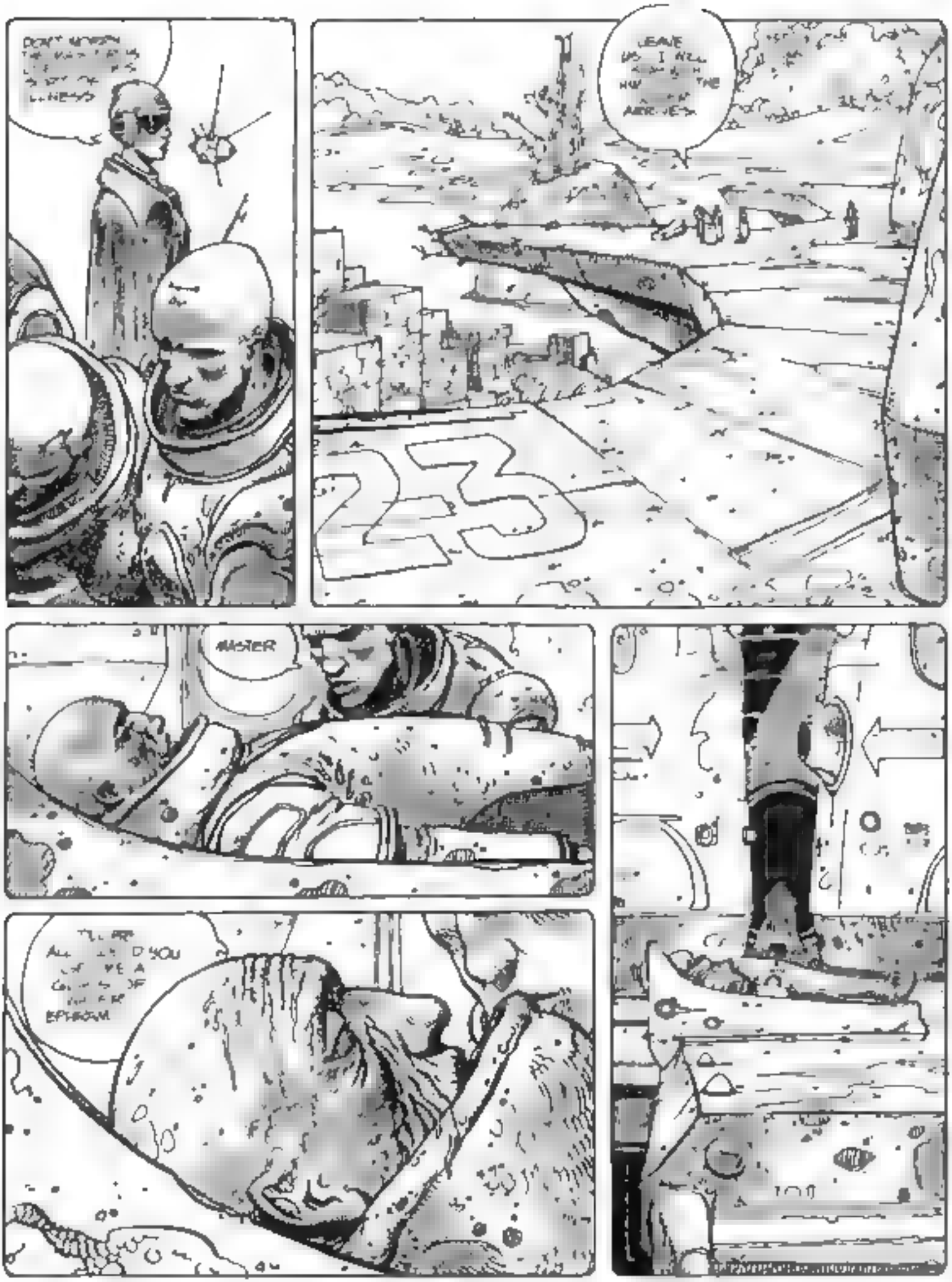


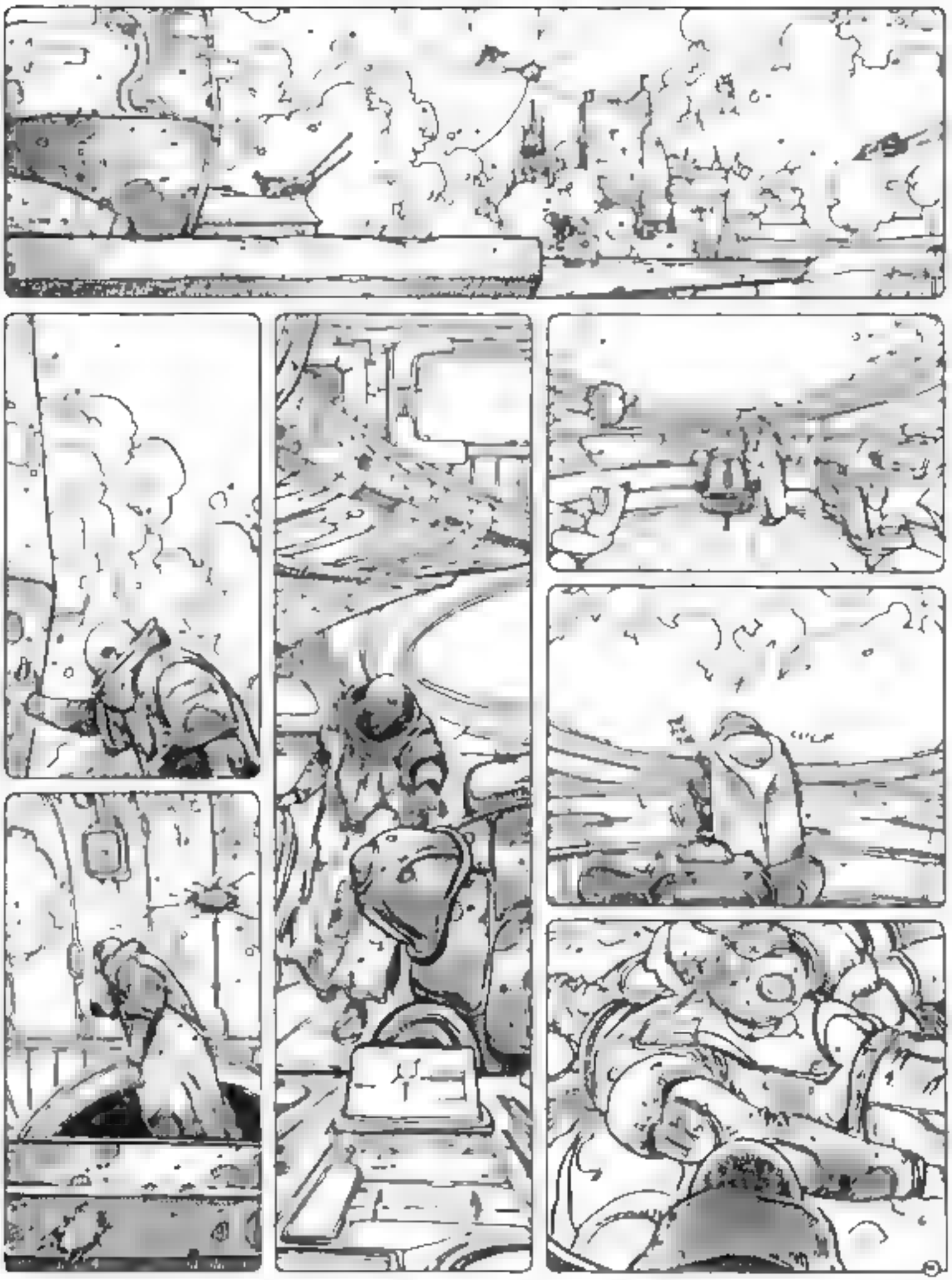
WHAT IS
HAPPENING
A TREATY HAS BEEN
DESTRUCT!

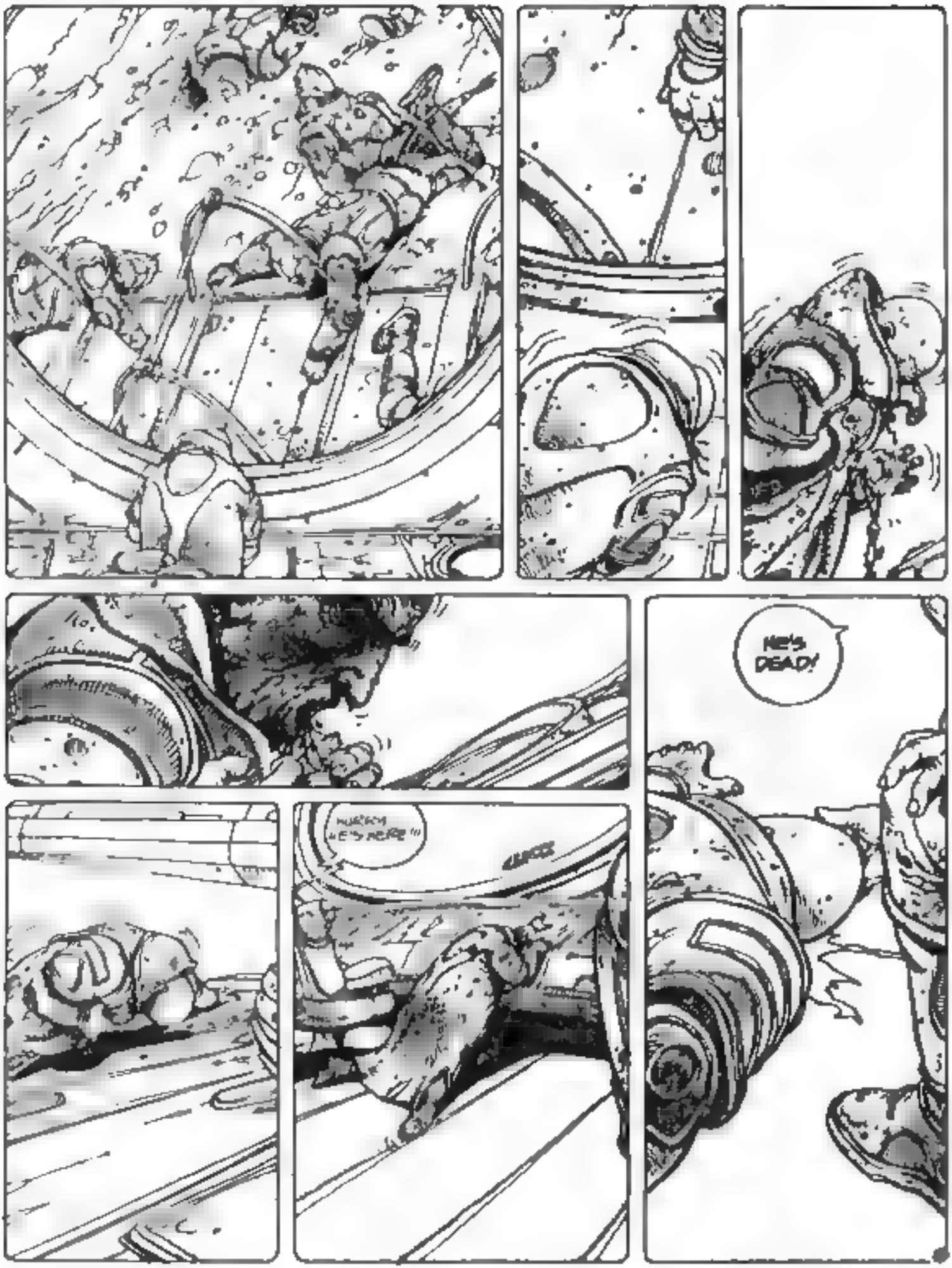
I'VE COME TO CALL YOU, MASTER
TODAY IS A GREAT DAY..
A GREAT DAY..
I AM OLD AND THEY'RE RETIRING ME! A GREAT DAY TO BE SURE!

BUT TODAY ALL HUMANITY SALUTES YOU IT THANKS YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE...
IT THANKS ME FOR CREATING THE ANDROIDS AND FOR GIVING THEM MY DISCOVERY LIKE IT OR NOT IT THANKS ME FOR CREATING THE EXTERMINATORS!
YOU'VE NEVER TALKED LIKE THIS BEFORE MASTER WAS IT THE "IT" YOU SAW JUST NOW WHICH HAS UPSET YOU?..
SPEAKING OF WHICH I MUST TELL YOU THAT PEACE HAS BEEN SIGNED AND THE "IT" WAS DE-ACTIVATED WITH THE OTHERS.
MASTER, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ARE YOU
HELP ME!


SILENCE!


MASTER




HE'S DEAD!

OVER 300,000 PEOPLE WILL SEE THIS MAGAZINE. ONLY 3,000 OF THEM CAN BUY THESE BOOKS.

New full-color fantasy in deluxe signed hardcover editions

THE ILLUSTRATED HARLAN ELLISON

ILLUSTRATED BY STERANKO • NEAL ADAMS
RALPH REESE • TOM SUTTON • ALFREDO ALCALA
OVERTON LOYD • WILLIAM STOUT • MIKE WHELAN

[illegible] Last year's [illegible] edition of The Illustrated [illegible] is now out of [illegible] The Illustrated Ellison, [illegible] a full pound, is strictly limited to [illegible] copies. This [illegible] edition will be signed and numbered by the author and each book will contain a special tipped-in color plate and engraved cloth jacket. Once these hardcovers are sold no new copies will be produced.

[illegible] A graphic experiment complete with glasses.

Seven Ellison stories – from a lonely night on a dark train to a cold and distant [illegible]

Enclosed is $14.95 + 95¢ postage and handling (Total $15.90). Please send [illegible] ILLUSTRATED HARLAN ELLISON

[illegible] my Bank Americard Account #
Please charge my Master Charge Account #
Expiration Date

Send to:
BARONET PUBLISHING COMPANY 509 MADISON AVE.
DEPT. FHM NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

Mr./Ms.
Address
City/State/Zip

[illegible] will be shipped immediately upon publication December 1976.

ALFRED BESTER

THE STARS MY DESTINATION

THE SCIENCE FICTION EPIC BY ALFRED BESTER—
AN [illegible], FULL COLOR GRAPHIC STORY ADAPTATION
ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD CHAYKIN, STAR WARS ARTIST.

[illegible] of the 25th century. Gully Foyle – the adventurer, the rogue, the cyborg, the criminal, the dreamer.

If you've never read the novel, this [illegible]

[illegible] Lovers ordering both volumes now will receive their deluxe two-volume slipcase and [illegible] Limited numbered editions will be reserved for two-volume orders. Once these hardcovers are sold, no new copies will be produced.

[illegible] THE STARS MY DESTINATION [illegible]

[illegible] STARS MY DESTINATION [illegible]

Please [illegible] Bank Americard #
Please charge my Master Charge Account #
Expiration Date

Send to:
BARONET PUBLISHING COMPANY SPECIAL ACCOUNT
BOX 5255, F.D.R. POST OFFICE, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Mr./Ms.
Address
City/State/Zip

[illegible]

ORION
WHILE ORION DEFENDS HIS LIFE AGAINST CHAMOTH'S ZOMBIES HAGAR & SLOWLY BEING PULLED DEEP BY THE POWERFUL ARMS OF THE MUCK MONSTER URZA
I AGREE WHOLEHEARTEDLY. EVEN IF MY ADVANCES WERE UNWELCOME, A POLITE NO WOULD HAVE SUFFICED.
AT A BETTER TIME PERHAPS THEY WOULD BE WELCOME FREE HAGAR - BUT OTHER MATTERS PRESENT A CHALLENGE NOW. I DO NOT INTEND FOR YOU TO SHARE ME OF MY REVENGE. YOU WILL REMAIN BEHIND WHILE URZA AND I CLAIM THE FINAL PRICE OF THE LOATHSOME CHAMOTH - OR PAY IT OURSELVES FOR THE ATTEMPT
HOLD
AHHH, YOU'RE A HARD WOMAN TO DEPRIVE ME OF THE SAME CLAW AND YOUR FANGS.
ALWAYS THE GALLANT SHANE I WILL LET ME REVEAL TO YOU THE REASON FOR MY NEED OF VENGEANCE - AND SEE IF THE HEAT OF YOUR ARDOR REMAINS CONSTANT
YOU MAY HAVE YOUR REASONS FOR DESPISING ME A LORD BUT MINE HAS PRECEDENCE
47

A WERE-BEAST!
NOT EXACTLY. I DON'T EVEN ENJOY THE BENEFITS OF SUCH DUALITY. MY CONDITION IS A MECHANIST ONE.
WHY YOU ASK?
BECAUSE I WAS A FAMILIAR, AND AT ONE TIME LAMONTHOS' A SINGLE CREATURE FORCED TO DO HIS BIDDING -- TO INTIMIDATE OR ERADICATE HIS ENEMIES. SOMETHING THAT DISGUSTED ME. NORMALLY I KILLED ONLY FOR FOOD...
BUT WORSE, I WAS ELEVATED BY HIS MAGIC TO A HUMAN SEMBLANCE RETAINING MY NATURAL FELINE ABILITIES BUT FORCED TO SERVE HIS JADED AND PERVERSE PHYSICAL DESIRES WHENEVER HE COMMANDED -- WHETHER I WAS IN SEASON OR NOT.
WHEN HE DID NOT NEED ME I WAS GIVEN OVER TO UEZA'S KEEPING. UEZA WAS GENTLE AND KIND AND THOUGH A THRALL LIKE MYSELF, NO CHARM, HOWEVER POWERFUL, COULD HOLD IN CHECK THE STRONG SPIRIT OF A TROG OR MY OWN. UEZA SPOKE UP FOR ME AND WAS STRUCK DUMB FOR HIS INSOLENCE. I SAVAGED THE WIZARD THEN, BUT WAS NO MATCH FOR THE ENCHANTED STAFF HE IS NEVER WITHOUT.
LAMONTHOS IS NOT ONLY POTENT AND I BELIEVE MY ATTACK UNHINGED HIS ALREADY UNSTEADY TEMPERAMENT. WE ESCAPED ONLY BECAUSE HE WAS THEN MORE CONCERNED WITH REPAIRING THE WOUNDS I'D INFLICTED THAN PUNISHING US FURTHER. HE'D ALSO BECOME OBSESSED WITH THE DESIRE TO POSSESS THE TALISMAN OF YOUR COMRADE, ORION.
BUT WE CAN'T HIDE FROM HIM FOREVER. AS WE WERE IN SHENDARKAN'S CAMP WHEN YOU FOUND US, HIS DEMENTED MIND WILL EVENTUALLY TURN TO US, AND WE'VE DECIDED TO FIND HIM FIRST AND END THE FOCUS OF OUR FEAR FOREVER.

MIGHTY MAGICIANS!
NONETHELESS WELCOME, INTRUSION. LET'S NOT BOTHER TO SAY OUR FAREWELLS TO THE
AND INSTINCTIVELY PARTS BEHIND A CURTAIN.
I-I DON'T
THEY NO LONGER SENSE ME!
THE OTHER PRINCIPALS IN THE BATTLE [illegible] DISTURB THE BALANCE IN
OVERWHELMING
AH-HA-HA! EXCELLENT. AS I'D
GUST N'TIME GET THOSE GHOULS' ATTENTION AWAY FROM ME. HURRY! LET'S FIND THON'S MACHINES
I NERVE ENOUGH
THE VAPOR DEVICES! SOMETHING THREATENS THEM.
NOT SOMETHING - SOMEONE! I MUST BE AMONTHOS; NOW WE REALLY HAVE TO HURRY! LEAD THE WAY.

ORION, CHANDRA W... BE UPON US ANY MOMENT. DO WHAT YOU'VE COME TO DO QUICKLY. I SHOULD BE SUGGESTED SHE'D NOT LEAVE THIS PLACE UNGUARDED.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S WRONG?
THIS SACRED BLOOD CHAMBER IS A POWERFUL SPELL WARNS HER OF OUR PRESENCE. DO YOU FEEL IT? LIKE WAVES OF ENERGY BEATING US DOWN. I'M DIZZY GETTING WEAK
SPRITE, JUST HOLD ON! IT'S TOO LATE.
NO ORION YOU WOULD DARE OPPOSE ME.

AT THAT MOMENT...
AHAH.. JUST HOLD HER ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT LONGER, MY DEAR ORION...
WHO..?.. LAMONTHOS! NO! DON'T...
TOO LATE, MY PET. THE VERY SUBSTANCE THAT SUSTAINED YOU ALL THESE AGES IS EVAPORATING, DISSIPATING LIKE SMOKE IN THE WIND. YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MATCH FOR ME A SECOND AGO, BUT NOW YOU MUST ALREADY FEEL THE WEIGHT OF ALL YOUR YEARS OVERTAKING YOU, WEAKENING YOU, CRUSHING YOU!!
BLINDING FLASHES OF LIVID, RAW POWER RIP ACROSS THE INTERVENING DISTANCE BETWEEN SORCERESS AND SORCERER.

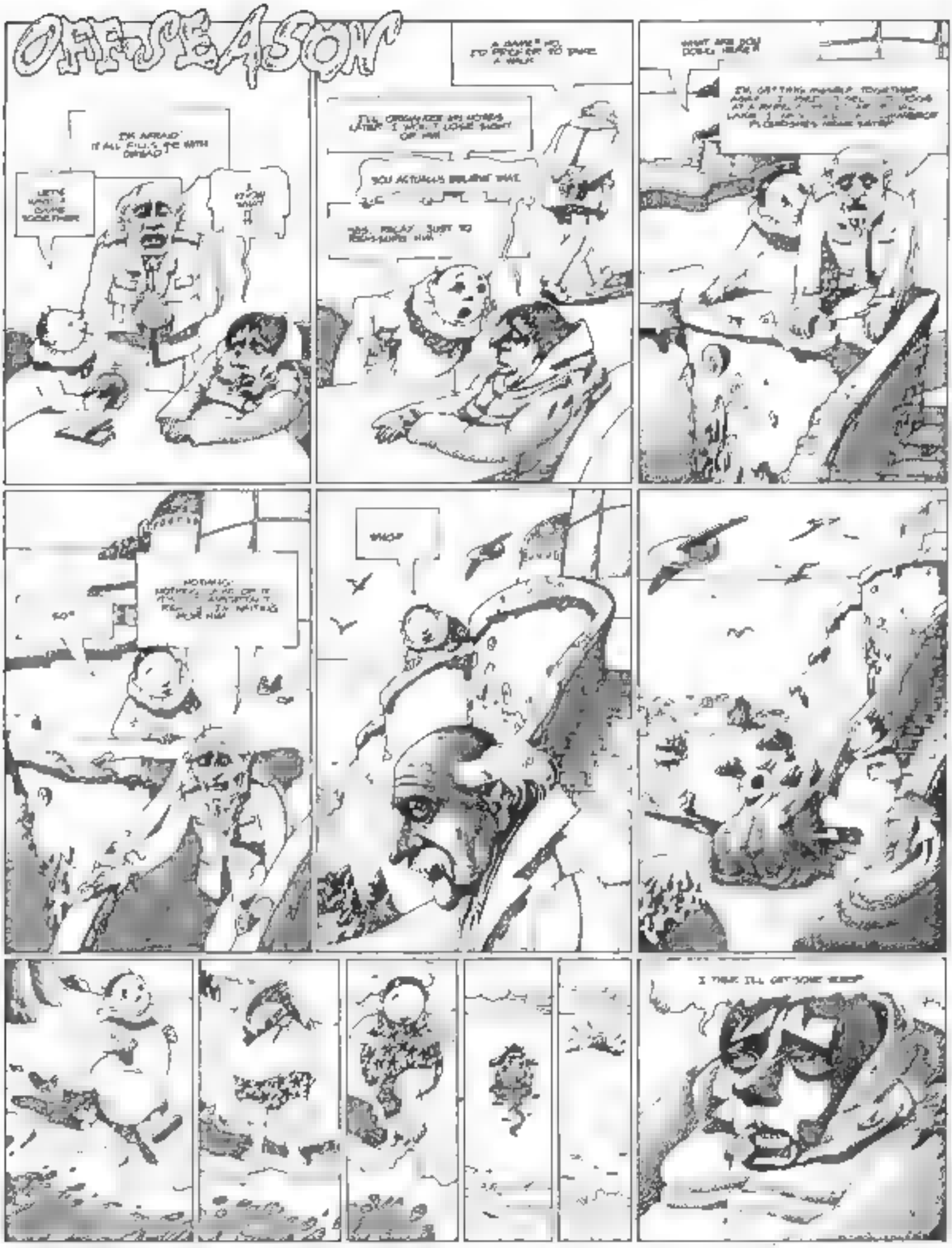
AND THEN, WITH AN ANGUISHED CRY, CHANDRA KNOWING SHE'S BEATEN, SCORCHES THE VERY ETHER BETWEEN THEM WITH A WAVE OF SWEET LIGHTNING — AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH A SECRET PORTAL!

AND NOW, ORION, WE MEET AGAIN FOR THE LAST TIME! I HOPED TO AVOID THE DIRECT METHODS OF PROTHORBOT, BUT SEE FROM YOU TO THE END I EMPLOYED THE GENERAL AND DEEPLY UNWORTHY SUCH FUN. BUT YOU ALWAYS WERE A SPECIAL CASE! IT'S TIME TO GIVE PROTHORBOT TO KEEP US OF

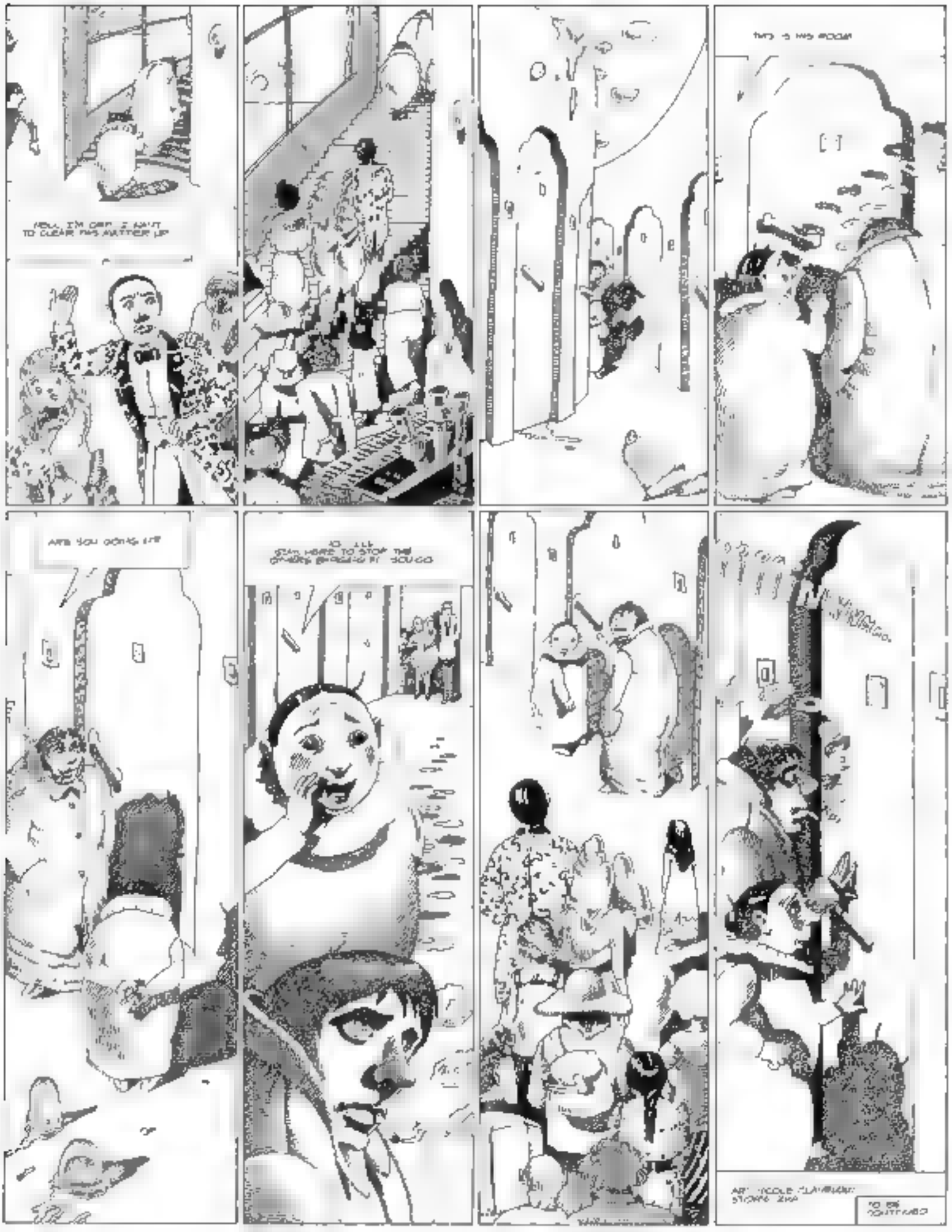
TAKE IT!!
TAKE IT THEN, FOOL, CAN YOU HAZARD IF YOU CAN!
ORION...
GET CLEAR, SPRITE. THIS WON'T TAKE LONG—ONE WAY OR THE OTHER!
A DEEP, OMINOUS RUMBLING SEEMS TO EMANATE FROM EVERYWHERE, AND THORBOLT SHIMMERS AND BLAZES AS IF IN ANTICIPATION OF LAHONTHOS'CHALLENGE!

ORION AND DARKSEID CLASH IN MORTAL COMBAT ENCHANTED BLADE AGAINST ENERGIZED STAFF AND THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF TIME AND SPACE SEEM TO STRAIN AND SHUDDER AT THE TERRIBLE FORCES UNLEASHED.

TO BE CONTINUED-


OFF-SEASON

SUPERB!!! AT 9 OF
NOBODY LEAVES THE ROOM


WELL, I'M OFF. I HAVE TO CLEAN THIS MATTER UP
ARE YOU DOING IT?
SO, I'LL STAY HERE TO STOP THE
ART: NICOLE CLAVELLOUX
STORY: ZINA
TO BE CONTINUED

OH, I WILL!
SO PLEASE DO NOT BE ALARMED IF YOU SEE ME SUDDENLY APPEAR IN YOUR BEDROOM AT 3 A.M. WITH A KNIFE IN MY HAND.
ONE LAST THING BEFORE I GO. I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF THE LEGENDARY CREATURE KNOWN AS THE BOOGEYMAN. WELL, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT HE'S REAL AND HE'S COMING FOR YOU!

The most incredible T-shirts in this galaxy.

From *Heavy Metal*, naturally come the most beautiful T-shirts you will ever see or wear. They are fine 100% cotton with French-cut sleeves for both men and women. They come in black or red with the *Heavy Metal* logo that's flocked as thick as your finger. There's never been a shirt as spectacular as this.

Heavy Metal figured to come through with something completely different. You can purchase these shirts in small, medium and large in either color at $6.50 each plus 60¢ per shirt. These shirts would retail for double the amount if sold in department stores... but they are not sold in department stores.

Heavy Metal T-shirts. As unbelievable as *Heavy Metal* itself.

Heavy Metal
M 078
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me *Heavy Metal* T-shirt(s) at $6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt
Black S ☐ M ☐
Red S ☐ M ☐

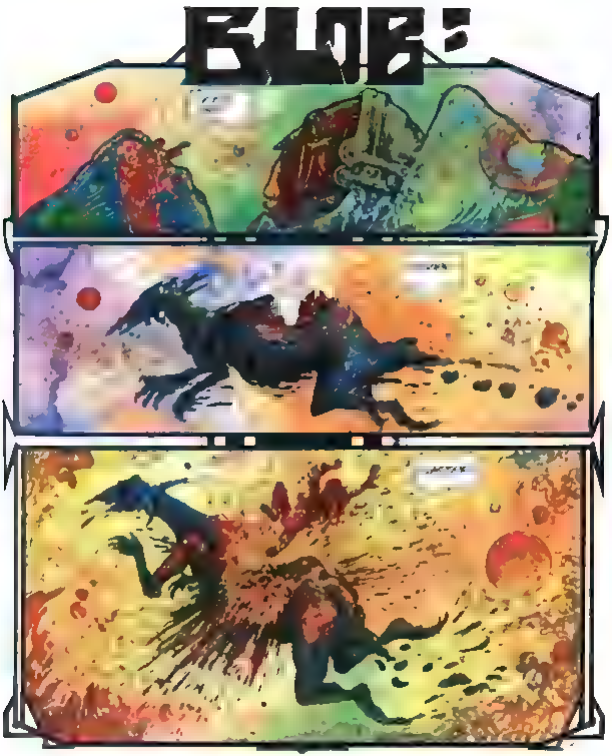
Name

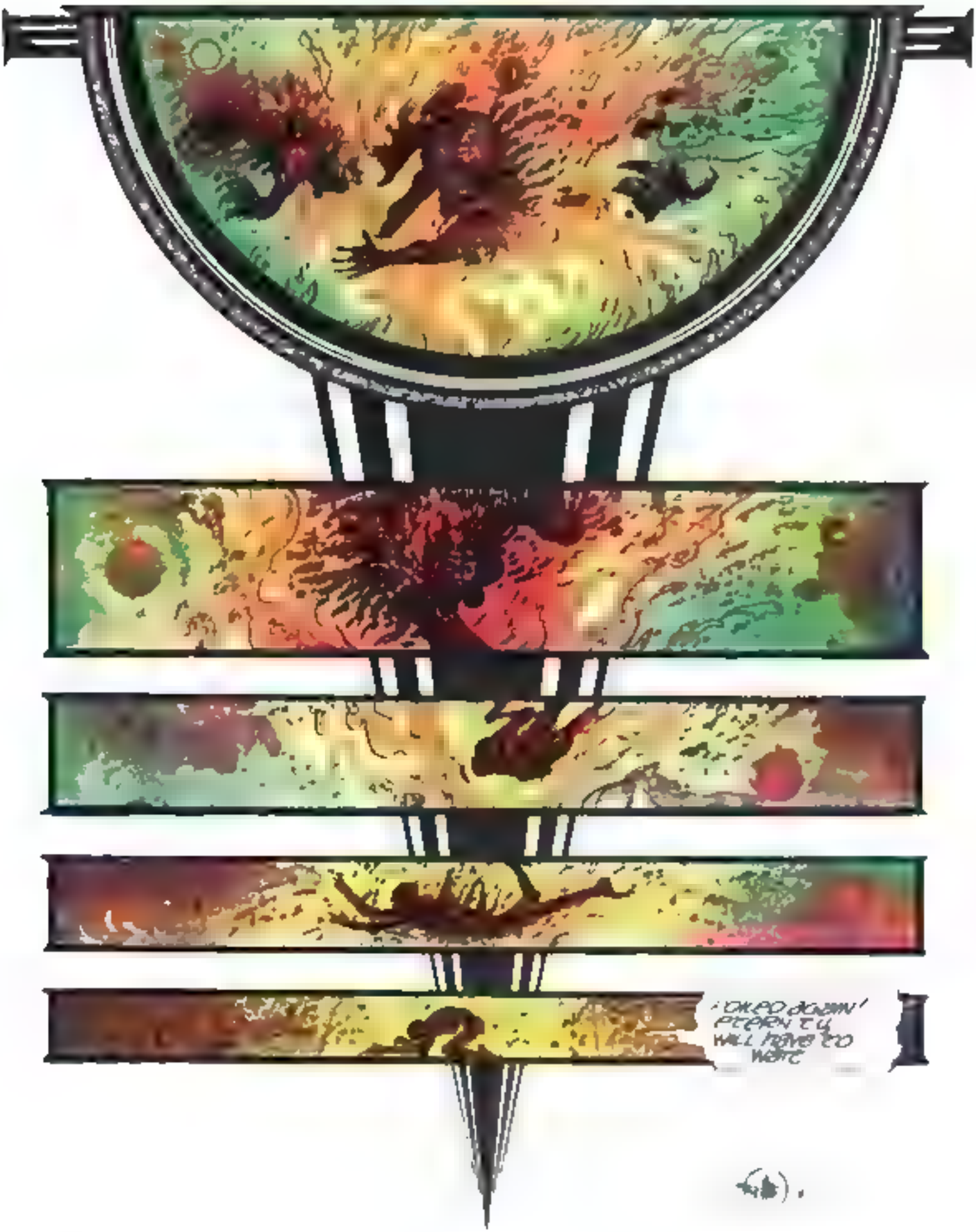
Address

City State Zip

Enclosed please find my check or money order

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, just write this order on a piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order.


BLOB

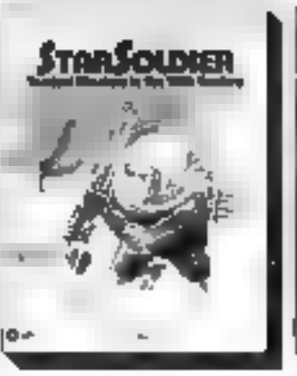

I'M KO'D AGAIN! PETER TU WILL HAVE TO WAIT

The Most Advanced and Sophisticated Science Fiction & Fantasy Medium:

SIMULATION GAMES from SPI

Simulation gaming takes the Science Fiction/Fantasy reader one step beyond the pages of his book—into the very heart of an alternative universe, an exotic civilization, and unexplored dimension. Tracing its beginnings to such tradition-steeped games as Chess, Go, and the original military *Kriegspiel*, SPI simulation games combine this rich heritage with the techniques of contemporary operational research to provide a participatory Science Fiction/Fantasy experience unattainable through any other medium

Go with SPI on journeys you'll never forget



SPI has been serving customers by mail since 1970

Send check or money order to:

SPI Dept 369
44 East 23rd Street
New York N.Y. 0010

Please send me the following games:

After the Holocaust: $ 2	Battlefleet Mars $12
Middle Earth: $20	Outreach: $9
☐ Sorcerer: $9	StarForce: $9
StarForce Trilogy: $20	Starsoldier: $9
☐ Swords & Sorcery: $	War of the Ring: $15

Please enter my subscription to *Strategy & Tactics Magazine*

1 year (6 issues): $15	2 years (12 issues): $28
3 years (18 issues): $39	*Please send free brochure*

Name (print)

Street Apt#

City State Zip

Prices apply to all orders deliverable to USA or APO/FPO addresses. Allow three weeks for delivery. Payment must accompany order. New York residents add sales tax. Foreign customers add $7 surcharge to any order. US funds only. Products are returnable for cash or credit (special) if returned intact within 15 days of receipt.

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

CUS CODE TOTAL CREDIT POSTAGE TAX

DAWN OF THE DEAD

by George Romero
and Susanna Sparrow

"Do you believe the dead are returning to life... and attacking the living?" Dr. Foster asked pointedly. The power of his words over the airways sent a shock wave throughout the entire newsroom. They had been reading those words all day... but to hear them... it gave them a new solidarity, a new reality.

The two big men, in their military regalia, gazed out across the sprawling mall.

"It's Christmastime down there, buddy," Roger said with wonder.

"Far out, brother. How we gonna work it?"

"We get into the department stores up here," Roger planned. "They prob'ly have their own escalators [illegible]."

"Let's check those keys," Peter [illegible].

At this point, the two [illegible] narrow-minded objective [illegible] get as many supplies as possible. No one stopped [illegible] think about what would fit into the small [illegible] helicopter, which [illegible] human passengers. The [illegible] headed toward the administration corridor and moved quickly down the hall toward the maintenance office.

As they left the balcony, a Zombie staggered out of one of the open stores several yards away from where they had been standing. It was followed by a second creature, a female without an arm. Steadily, menacingly, they moved along the balcony toward the open corridor.

In the maintenance office, the troopers compared the keys against the coded map on the wall.

"Seven [illegible]," Roger [illegible]ed out as he pored over the map. "Here it is."

He and Peter checked the keys and Peter found the corresponding numbers.

"Here," he said, holding [illegible] R[illegible].

"Let's hope it's right."

"Look here," Peter said, pointing to the map. "[illegible] must all be locks. Front, side, back [illegible] must be like [illegible] docks. But what are these?"

He pointed to several numbered spots which seemed to be within the big Porter's department store that they were studying.

"Washroom?" Roger guessed. "Equipment? I dunno."

While Peter still stared at the map, Roger moved off toward the electrical control panel.

"I guess these gotta be the gates," Peter surmised.

Roger wandered around the room cheerfully. He noted something on the control panel with a smile and turned toward Peter.

"How about a little music?"

"What?" Peter asked, totally taken back by the frivolity of the statement.

The big trooper moved up behind his blond partner. One of the controls on the panel was marked "MUSIC TAPE." The master switch was in the off position. Another switch was marked "FLOOR EXHIBITS" and a series of others were marked "ESCALATORS." There were dozens of master switches which were all in the off mode.

"Power switches," Peter said to himself.

"The music might cover the noise we make," Roger said practically.

"Hit 'em all," Peter said magnanimously. "Might as well have [illegible]."

With a gleam [illegible] Roger hit all the switches [illegible]. [illegible] throughout the mall [illegible]. Music [illegible] through the loudspeakers.

[illegible] startled Fran. She snapped the rifle into her hands, ready to fire, but she couldn't stop her hands from shaking. She had been standing, one ear cocked to the strange music below, just inside the storage area. Now she stepped into the [illegible] and tried to see through the darkness. The sounds of the insipid music drifted up toward her.

"Stephen," she cried, leaning [illegible] "Stephen!"

His mind still fuzzy from his long-needed rest, Steve roused himself. At first he thought he had been dreaming about the music (which sounded unbelievably just like his dentist's office), and the frantic call of Fran's. He opened his eyes and for a moment he couldn't place the big, cold room filled with [illegible]. Then he remembered and jumped up to find Fran.

He found her just outside the storage area, her eyes straining in the darkness, the rifle gripped to her breast. She looked [illegible] in comparison to the big rifle and she was shuddering with fear. Steve led her into the larger room and closed the door.

"Where the hell are those guys?" he asked, still half-asleep and rubbing his eyes. "What the hell is going on around here?"

Fran had calmed down sufficiently to try to explain what had transpired since Steve fell asleep.

"You mean they're actually [illegible] raid the department store? What do they expect [illegible] with [illegible] from there?"

"[illegible]," she told him, a look of fear in her eyes. "I [illegible] they've lost all perspective. We just wanted to stop here for [illegible] and [illegible] that's what I thought. But they act like they're on some kind of secret mission. I swear, they're acting like a bunch of kids playing cops and robbers."

Excerpted by permission of [illegible] Dawn of the Dead by George A. Romero [illegible] published by St. Martin's Press [illegible]

Steve reached over and pulled Fran close to him.

"Don't worry," he told her in a voice that he hoped sounded calm. "They're not *that* close."

"Then what are we going to do? They said if they didn't come back to leave without them — how long should we wait —"

She collapsed in a heap, crying and shaking at the same time.

All Steve could do was hold her to him tightly. He knew that if he tried to explain anything, he could break down as well.

Meanwhile, on the first floor of the mall, it looked as if a giant hand had turned on its own special mechanical toy. Only it wasn't a toy — it was an entire shopping center. The automobile turntable started spinning; the great escalators began to move up and down.

Two of the living dead, caught just starting up a stalled escalator, fell and rolled down as the mechanical steps began to move.

As if it were a carnival, come alive, lights blinked on the exhibits, mechanical window displays began their robot-like motions. The Zombies, bothered by the Muzak, wandered about the floor in increased confusion. Some of them swatted ineffectually at the moving exhibits.

Disturbed by the movement, the tropical birds housed in the floor-to-ceiling cages woke up, chirping and squawking for their food.

In a pet shop, puppies and kittens in a window display whined and tumbled over one another in fright at the noise, the motion [illegible]

[illegible] going was the real-life action of human shoppers [illegible] of the floor exhibits a rear-projection movie started.

A narrator spoke in a friendly voice: "[illegible] and for a price that anyone can afford, you can live in these luxurious new homes by Brandon Hall's electric central air."

The newly distracted Zombies started strutting around at a quicker pace, bumping into each other and the moving displays. Some tried to return the way they came in, but only bounced off the [illegible] door [illegible] themselves in [illegible] belt and chewing out.

Roger's mind was a million miles away [illegible] of all those wonderful goodies waiting for him downstairs. He was [illegible] his from the balcony. Startled, he ducked back into the room. The Zombie, blindly reaching out with clutched hands, rounded the corner and appeared in the doorway. With precision accuracy [illegible] side's head.

On the top of the escalator, Fran jumped as the sound of the shots reverberated through the enormous mall.

"[illegible]," Steve screamed, grabbing the rifle from the [illegible]. "They're maniacs."

He looked long and hard at Fran. He was torn between staying here with her and charging downstairs to see what was going on [illegible] tion, but he also needed to prove to her — to himself — and to those two macho supermen downstairs that he could join the battle.

I can see the moment of indecision in his eyes.

"Stephen, don't go down there," she pleaded. "Stephen, please!"

"It's all right," he said calmly, starting to make his way down the [illegible].

In the corridor of the administration offices below, Roger and Peter were stepping over the corpse.

"Whaddaya think?" Roger asked as the second Zombie, the armless female, came into his view. He fired his weapon and the creature fell in a heap. As if nothing had happened, he continued his [illegible].

"Rag it or cry for it?" he asked his comrade.

"You game?" Peter asked.

Roger nodded and the two men ran down the hall toward the [illegible]. With their rifles poised, they seemed like commandos on an [illegible].

All that was missing was the blare of the trumpets as Roger and Peter charged into battle. The enemy wandered around the first floor, attracted by the sound but confused by the sudden intrusion of the noise into their quiet domain. In misguided, staggering strides, they walked this way and that, glazed, vacant eyes passing by the stores and shops with their glittering array of goodies [illegible]

dormant state had been easy to negotiate. But now, the moving escalators tossed the Zombies this way and that. Some of them tried [illegible] onto the up escalator fell against each other from the movement. They seemed like tumbling pins in a bowling alley.

One of the Zombies who fell on the escalator was carried upward despite its awkward position. Another managed to keep its balance, holding onto the handrail.

And unbeknownst to Roger and Peter, several creatures had begun to move up the steps of a stationary stairway that ran from the first to the second floor and that was located at a point at the other end of the mall from the administration offices. [illegible] way down the steps of the firestair. His rifle ready, his palms dripping, he tried to control his jittery nerves. Fran looked [illegible].

Several hundred yards away, Roger and Peter were barreling toward the huge gate that locked off the entrance to Porter's. The two troopers came to a crashing halt. Four or five Zombies were staggering their way down a side concourse toward the troopers. [illegible]

Roger kept his rifle leveled off in the direction of the creatures while Peter tried the lock at the middle of the big roll gate.

Beads of perspiration formed on his forehead as he fumbled with the key for a moment until he finally found the proper one. When it [illegible], Peter sighed in relief.

"[illegible]," he yelled to his friend.

Creeping toward them, however, was the creature who had fallen on the escalator. His ghoulish companion, the one who was able to ride the whole way without falling, was also approaching [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Still locked [illegible] on the side," Peter said, pointing to another assembly. He moved to the far side of the gate. The same key fit and Peter repeated the process.

But Roger could not share his joy. His attention was on the creature riding the escalator almost near the top. Just as Roger was about to shoot, something caught his eye.

The fallen Zombies, who up until now could not be seen behind the escalator railway, suddenly came tumbling out onto the balcony floor.

A shaken Roger took fire, but his aim was inaccurate. The pressures were starting to build and for one moment he stopped to think about the idiocy of what he was doing. That was his downfall because it disturbed his concentration. His shot hit the standing Zombie in the neck, tearing half the throat away. The creature was thrown off balance enough to lose its footing. It fell back down the escalator, but before it reached the bottom, it stopped rising. The steps carried it back up toward the second floor again. It was still very much alive.

Two more creatures on the balcony struggled to stand. Roger watched them and then looked back over his shoulder. To his horror he saw that Zombies from the side concourse were about a hundred and fifty feet away.

Working against time, Peter turned the key in the lock, but again the gate would not budge. It moved slightly, and Peter could see

shot it was free from the middle and far right mechanisms but that there was a third lock on the far left. He moved to it quickly.

As if they possessed some kind of primitive antennae the other creatures on the first floor began to take note of the action upstairs and they, too, started to move.

Zombies surrounded the troopers on all sides now. Those who had managed to climb the stationary stairway were beginning to reach the second floor, but they were far down the main balcony in order to reach the [illegible] they would have to pass the administrative cubicles.

Roger steadied his nerves and collected his thoughts. In the back of his mind he was wondering what the hell was taking Peter so damn long.

He fired his rifle again and one of the nearby Zombies fell in a heap.

His confidence restored, he looked around for more of the enemy to mow down.

"For God's sake, Steve — Fran called down the stairway upon hearing Roger's shot. "Let's get up on the roof" she cried out to him desperately.

As the noodle ending, Steve stared down into the darkness below. More gunfire could be heard from the mall. He was stuck part of him wanted to run up to Fran and escape with her in the chopper. The other part wanted to go down and get into the action

"I'm right," he said, trying to convince himself as well. Those things didn't move fast enough to catch us. The last part of his [illegible] drowned out by the staccato beat of the gunfire.

With a loud rumble the large gate finally freed itself from its bonds and rolled up. Peter ducked into the store even as the gate was still rising. The main column of the heavy metal carried the [illegible] fully open position and rolled back down slightly, but this Peter could not reach the lip. It was over ten feet to the ceiling. The bottom of the gate rested about three feet above Peter's outstretched fingertips.

Panicking for the first time since the whole horrible situation evolved, Peter turned to see the Zombie advancing.

Roger had just dropped another with a clean shot through the head, then he backed into the archway of Porter's entranceway. Desperately, Peter looked around for something to stand on in order to reach the elusive gate.

Steadily, the Zombies advanced toward the arch.

Peter grabbed a small counter used to display shoes but it was [illegible]

"Here — come on.

Unfortunately, Roger had to abandon his strategic post at the arch in order to help Peter drag over the little counter. They pulled it up a point just at the side of the open arch and Peter instantly jumped up on top of it. At that instant, a Zombie rounded the corner and grabbed at Peter's leg.

Startled, Peter started to kick and the awkward motion caused him to fall off the little counter. Gracefully he landed on his feet, but he was out on the balcony beyond the arch. Quickly, Roger brought his rifle butt around against the creature's head and the Zombie fell backward, but it was still alive

A few other creatures were only a few feet from Peter who was now unarmed as his gun sat on the small counter inside the store. Roger leveled off his rifle but couldn't fire since Peter was in his line of vision. Suddenly Peter made a move and like a football player, cut to the left and then to the right. Diving, he threw himself at one of the creatures, carrying it into the store

Roger all the while had been firing on the advancing Zombies dropping one and then another. "Behind you, behind you," Peter cried to Roger as he jumped back up on the counter

The creature trapped in the store had knocked over a cosmetics display and tubes of lipsticks, compacts, cylinders of eyeliner and mascara rolled around under its feet. Finally, the creature leaned against the glass case that displayed false eyelashes and plastic nails and was able to regain its footing.

In an instant, Roger turned and fired. The creature fell. In that time Peter was able to grab the lip of the roll gate and started to bring it down.

During all the commotion, several creatures gathered in the archway. They stood there clutching at the air with clawlike hands. One stood in the middle of the path of the roll gate blocking its downward progress.

Roger took careful aim and fired point-blank into the forehead of the Zombie who was blocking the gate. It flew backward, crashing into a few of its brothers. As the gate started to lower the clutching hands of the other Zombies seemed to reach out and to strangle Roger for killing one of their own. Roger dropped rifle and ran to the cage now to try and help pull down Peter hooking onto the [illegible] bumped off the counter to get more room.

The two troopers were now sweating profusely

dark were spreading under their arms and [illegible] uniforms. They were struggling to move the gate steadily down [illegible] only four feet from the floor but the creatures who seemed to feel no pain were continuing themselves to the point of the descending gate making it more difficult. One of them tried [illegible] down against its chest. Its arms grabbed for Peter's legs and its mouth gaped open, but mutilated body prevented the gate from engaging in the floor mechanisms

Roger let go of the cage as Peter tried to hold it [illegible] creatures outside. Both men were exhausted now and [illegible]

But some inner resource, some extra dose of adrenalin coursed through their veins. Grabbing his rifle Roger brought the butt straight down crushing the pawing Zombie's skull. The Zombie went limp and Roger tried to push it clear off the gate but the pressure was too enormous.

"Let up a little. Let up a little" he gasped to Peter

Peter let up the pressure and the gate rose a few inches. But as more and more Zombies appeared outside, they too clutched at the roll cage. Although the openings in the grid were only big enough for their fingers, their hands could not reach through. However the force of their pushing in unison caused the gate to go higher and [illegible] with his rifle butt, Roger managed to push the dead Zombie clear except for one of its arms. From outside a creature's hand suddenly grabbed Roger's weapon

For a moment, the macabre [illegible] through Roger's mind [illegible] rag-a-war game he used to play with his friends when he was younger. Only now the stakes were life or death!

"Let — go," Peter cried out. He was having a harder time holding the gate and [illegible] inched upward, out of his reach

Roger decided to let go of the gun barrel and the creature flew back into the crowd, brandishing its prize. Roger grabbed for the gate to help Peter and they tried again to crash

"The arm — that arm's in the way" Peter told him

Roger squatted and managed to throw the dead Zombie's arm [illegible] now only held one body with a thin strand of muscle, el

With a slight shiver of revulsion [illegible]

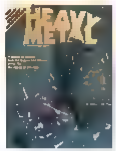
At the last moment, another clutching arm pushed into the store, but when the gate hit it it was severed. Finally and not a minute too soon, the gate clicked solidly into place

The two troopers stepped back from the gate and collapsed against another glass display case. This one held sunglasses, suntan lotion, and various vacation time necessities. The men gathered their strength and watched in horror as the creatures still moaned and gargled, slamming against the gate. Their fingers clutched futilely at the grid, but they were unable to budge it

"Well — we're in. Now how the hell we going to get back?" Roger asked, scanning the department store. About ten or twelve Zombies tried to get in. Several others made their way along the balcony. Roger also noted in disgust that six lay dead along the floor, their heads bleeding profusely from gunshot wounds or smashed skulls.

Let's go shopping first," Peter said, calm, cool, and collected [illegible]

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



HM # 1 APRIL 1977 With high hopes (the fully chartered 40 page launch and Border's support on all newsstands) and fears (why import the Sunset at Chateau Heroux and more ($5.00)

HM # 2 MAY 19.. Introductions Budge... the galloping gourmet Versus the cosmic maestro. Isis visits Bridgewater Mermaid Raintrust Joe Bugner Arthur, the ultimate rock festival, Sarah Bernhardt and Jim Corrigan ($4.00)

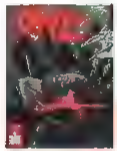
HM # 3 JUNE 9
An old hands book. The ... Celestial Blueberry ... Heavy Metal Rainbow ... the Mighty Shark, the Holy Chapel of Isaac, World Apart, more Dirty Sunset and Turbok $3.00)

HM # 4 JULY ..
... and ... Dungeon ... Epic ... Heavy ... Bugner ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Turbok $3.00)

HM # 5 APRIL 8/9 Big ... of ... and ... page insert from Paradise Kiss ... Celestial ... Apocalypse Now and ... must die! ... Isis ... and the ... Barbarella Queen ... Rainbow ... and the Sexual ... Bugner ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Turbok $3.00)

HM # 14 MAY 1978 Does ... join the Mad Invaders? ... Cosmic ... Rockets on a bicycle ... Boys ... Celestial ... Apocalypse Now ... the Lusty ... and Lady ... Dirty ... Rainbow ... Dungeon ... Arthur ... Orion ... and Barbarella ($2.00)

HM # 15 JUNE 1978 This ... Avengers for ... Friendly ... Planets ... Rockets ... New ... Sharpened ... the ... Rockets ... Evolution ... the ... Mole ... Then ... Human ... the ... Book ... Barbarella ... and ... the ... Evil ... Fresh ... Changers ... Angel ... Vengeance ... Sadness ... and ... Pouring ... the ... Hunger ... ($2.00)



HM # 5 AUGUST 1977 ... which ... the ... Isle of Positive ... Beyond ... and ... Celestial ... Fair ... Rainbow ... World Apart ... and ... Dungeon ... all ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... and ... violence ... ($3.00)

HM # 6 SEPTEMBER 1977 ... rockets, Arzak's ... costume ... Rainbow ... Celestial ... Shadowy ... Eternity ... Rainbow ... Heavy ... Dungeon ... all ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... World Apart ... Den ... and ... violence ... plus ... Blazer ... funny ... ($3.00)

HM # 7 OCTOBER 9
Packed with ... Celestial ... Heavy ... Dungeon ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... World Apart ... Den ... and ... violence ... and ... Dungeon ... $3.00)

HM # 8 NOVEMBER 9
... Celestial ... Heavy ... Dungeon ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... World Apart ... Den ... and ... violence ... and ... Dungeon ... $3.00)

HM # 9 JULY 1978 A ... story ... by Barbarella ... and ... by ... 996 the ... Celestial ... Dungeon ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... adventures of ... and ... and ... Druss ... Mare ... Transmutation ... and ... another ... piece ... the ... Arabian Nights ... tale ... Corben ($2.00)

HM # 10 AUGUST 1978 ... Dungeon ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... World Apart ... Den ... and ... violence ... Arabian Nights ... the ... and ... and ... More ... than ... human ... Excalibur's ... plunge ... going ... again ... the ... Sexual ... starring ... cannibal ... rebels ... of ... advent ... and ... beheaded ... many ... touches ... the ... eight ... button ($2.00)

HM # 11 September 1978 ... ing ... attend ... Sailor ... and ... queen ... the ... Bubble ... without ... the ... Major's ... fiancee ... two ... of ... each ... detractors. ... Carol ... the ... Ogre ... Mailman ... Joan ... and ... Lone ... Sloane ... contain ... Harlan ... Ellison's ... sexiest ... fun ... of ... Ireland. ... Plus ... miscellaneous ... gags ... and ... wherever ($3.00)

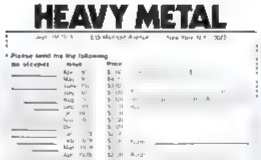
HM # 9 DECEMBER 977 ... world ... is ... HM ... packed ... with ... you ... the ... complete ... saga ... of ... Haldo ... with ... Part ... Vuzz ... a ... satire ... from ... Oscar ... Fencounters ... at ... the ... Film ... Fest ... and ... Fashions ... and ... by ... Chaykin ... and ... Wenzel ... in ... addition ... to ... full ... color ... contributions ... from ... regulars ... Guillem ... Marechal ... Caza ... Vess ... and ... Moebius ... ($2.00)

HM # 10 JANUARY 1978 We ... got ... Moebius ... to ... illustrate ... Celtan's ... we ... got ... Bilal ... and ... Perich ... to ... update ... Druillet ... with ... Part ... Vuzz ... a ... satire ... from ... Oscar ... Fencounters ... at ... the ... Film ... Fest ... and ... Fashions ... and ... by ... Chaykin ... and ... Wenzel ... in ... addition ... to ... full ... color ... contributions ... from ... regulars ... Guillem ... Marechal ... Caza ... Vess ... and ... Moebius ... ($2.00) ... you ... Angel ... about ... the ... Blade ... fog ... lights ... and ... the ... time ... warp ($2.00)

HM # 11 FEBRUARY 978
Witchcraft ... Sargon ... the ... Sorcerer ... Tales ... of ... Dark ... Fantasy ... Sword ... and ... sorcery ... and ... the ... end ... of ... the ... world ... Fantasy ... Heavy ... Dungeon ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... World ... Apart ... Den ... and ... violence ... and ... Dungeon ... $2.00)

HM # 12 MARCH 978 ... and ... the ... Arzak ... Celtan ... Sword ... and ... sorcery ... and ... the ... end ... of ... the ... world ... Fantasy ... Heavy ... Dungeon ... Dirty ... Sunset ... Rockets ... New ... World ... Apart ... Den ... and ... violence ... and ... Dungeon ... $2.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS. ... white ... with ... black ... lettering ... and ... yellow ... metal ... separators ... to ... hold ... and ... protect ... your ... magazines. ... Each ... holds ... seven ... issues ... of ... Heavy ... Metal. ... $5.95 ...



[illegible] Proof in [illegible]

by Mark Wheatley

Fer[illegible] [illegible]fied [illegible] in his [illegible] as he webbily [illegible] the hole to its interior.

"[illegible]ptyth." The slurred wor[illegible] away with his [illegible] amused him. He raised the bottle to his [illegible] drain it for the hundredth time, but once [illegible] his tongue started [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] or [illegible] say [illegible] wa[illegible] might be a bit slur[illegible] that's to be expe[illegible] a conglo[illegible] himself.

[illegible] tottered him[illegible] up against the [illegible] headed out of [illegible]. But he forgot to open [illegible] and his [illegible] step [illegible] (always [illegible] them) [illegible] treacherous [illegible] him to a garbage can and tripped him face to face with the pavement.

That's when he thought he heard it.

But the rock[illegible]ash can was ju[illegible] The met[illegible] effectively [illegible]ned any other sou[illegible] the alley.

One hand [illegible] the bottle, the other [illegible]ed against the wall, [illegible] managed to get his le[illegible] under him. A [illegible]ment of stead[illegible] warmest of the [illegible] on the sidewalk.

Then he was sure he heard it, and shivered.

It was a voice, saying those strange words that had [illegible] to [illegible] earlier. [illegible], he tottered [illegible] visible exit, [illegible] acting as his [illegible]. When he was facing the street [illegible] he burped. [illegible] and nobody. Then he heard it again. He snapped his head around [illegible] as the world took a swim and a wave of nausea washed him to the pavement. He landed [illegible] sitting against the wall. And then, he'd be god damned if his tongue didn't start doing it [illegible]

"[illegible]ezelbub."

"Asmodius."

"Mobius."

"Rezengooth."

"[illegible]"

"Sure."

The last sound he could [illegible] his [illegible] up with [illegible] free. He was [illegible]trated. Then he heard [illegible] a little voice [illegible] his head, and it [illegible] "[illegible] drunk."

[illegible]

[illegible]

Pe[illegible]ander [illegible] the [illegible] jiv[illegible] stretched [illegible] appeared in the darkness of the alley.

Once more he pushed [illegible] against [illegible] standing position [illegible] cautio[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Eyes aglow with hellfire, [illegible] sparks arching [illegible]. And these words purred forth from the feline lips.

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

The cat [illegible] [illegible]

acid smelling. The doors of eternity seemed to crack open, allowing [illegible] waves to crash into the world. And then, with a [illegible] burst of otherworldly brilliance He was here.

His cloaked form [illegible] with the flames of holocaust and [illegible] apocalyptic.

His first [illegible] beyond the city [illegible] the skies shed tears amid their storm-fists following the [illegible] continued.

[illegible] was somewhere [illegible] in the swamp [illegible] Jolief wouldn't [illegible] the house without [illegible] For too many [illegible] the family had [illegible] her [illegible] in the [illegible]'s existence. But [illegible] was there. Jolief had known in her [illegible] was more than [illegible]

Mamil [illegible] the [illegible]

Jolief [illegible] was hardly aware [illegible] surroundings, [illegible] alert only [illegible] ethereal form. So she [illegible] the string [illegible] and the gun metal haze drifting in cotton patches over the peat bogs ahead.

Jolief leaned forward and slapped Mamil an affectionate pat on his serpentine neck. Even when [illegible] this intent on a [illegible] Jolief was aware of [illegible] the most beautiful [illegible] left in the world. [illegible] was here. The fact [illegible] had never [illegible] sprouted the [illegible] wings of a Senior Dragon, did not, in Jolief's opinion, detract from his singular beauty.

Suddenly Jolief's body warmed in a rush of passion. A sensual aura set her almost aglow. Mamil's vast form shivered beneath her. Jolief slowly eased herself back and forth along the ridge of Mamil's back, breathing deeply of the heavy air of the swamp. [illegible] her body began [illegible] in burning waves, Jolief's eyes beheld it as it dropped from the sky.

Sarha danced. Not to music from the house—but [illegible] the beat of the calf's dead heart. To the [illegible] of the wingless bird. [illegible] the while singing in [illegible] known only to [illegible] ancient souls who [illegible] the earth.

Her [illegible] arms crossed naked [illegible] a supernatural [illegible] passion.

All about [illegible] was her partner [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] cloth that seemed [illegible] with unmatched life. And between the flash of flesh and the [illegible] of cloth bobbed the orb. Red, amber, gold. Rose, pink, crimson, orange.

And at the moment of her deep, ragged gasp, the orb dripped blood.

And in the moment that he stepped across the Blue Ridge mountains and onto the [illegible] of the dismal swamp, the orb dripped blood.

And in the moment of Jolief's climax, the orb [illegible] into the murky waters, leaving [illegible] crystallized trail of blood.

All across the universe suns bled. Freeing the forces bought with the passions of two very different women caught in the throes of a cosmic lust. Jolief and Sarha had broken barriers.

"[redacted]"
"Asmodeus."
"Mabus."
"Ra Deva Se."
"Mephisto."

One step from his goal, he stood defeated. There was nothing left to do. The orb had dripped blood. "Damn that drunk," his hellfire thoughts raged. Just one moment more and the earth girl would have been stopped.

The sky roared.

He looked up.

The mighty fist fell.

"My God" In the dim light, Keith could barely make out the shape he knew so well. Sarha lay amid the jumbled mass, tangled in the sheet beside a slimy ball of some sort.

"Sarha!" The word was more a plea than a name. Keith pushed his way over tumbled furniture to where his wife lay. As he bent at her side, brushing her crimson hair from her face, a breeze brought his attention to the bay windows. They were shattered; wood and glass fragments were scattered far across the sleeping lawn. He could see the moon reflected off the broken glass as it [redacted] as the [redacted]. There had been an explosion. He'd heard it and had come from the hall, leaving astonished guests in his wake as he ran.

Sarha had somehow escaped harm. And God, he was thankful for that.

Her eyes fluttered open then. Long lashes making dark ovals of her eyes.

"Sarha."

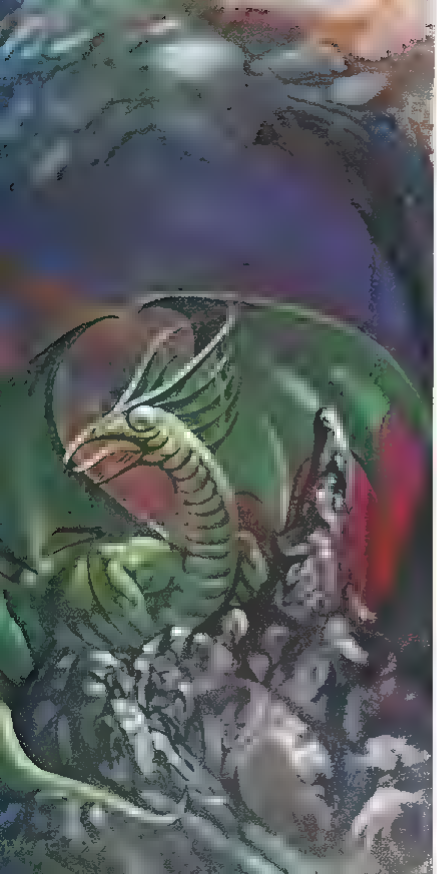
She smiled and Keith crushed her against him; holding her for proof of her existence.

"Keith." When he just squeezed harder, Sarha added, "I saved the dragon. Momi can mate."

Then it was clear to him. Those strange dreams she was constantly telling him about. Of another world, of another life. Sarha believing that she was someone called Jolief. And a pet—a dragon. A dragon forever stuck in prepuberty. The last male dragon. Unable to fertilize the eggs laid by the several remaining females.

He hadn't believed it. But how could he deny this? As he held his sobbing wife his gaze drifted across the shambles of his library once again. The moonlight was glinting off the orb and the pool of liquid surrounding it. He dipped a finger into the stuff and raised it to see it better. It was blood.

It was then that he knew that his wife had broken barriers, because suddenly he forgot his immediate concern for Sarha, as the universe was laid bare to his mind. Voices of numberless creatures were there to be understood on their primary level. The mind was no longer a prison.



The mind that had worn the five names, that could explain, was finally dead, so Keith and Sarha would never connect the kilometer-wide crater at the north edge of the swamp with the evening's strange happenings. Never would they know that but for a small amount of wine, it would have been their home destroyed.

People on the way to work the next morning stepped over Fernandez for over an hour before a young occupational therapist stopped to check him for some sign of life. If not for her, the rats and dogs would have probably finished off the corpse for dinner. And they'd probably have gotten drunk.

As Joliet struggled up the ladder to her tree home, she smiled at the memory of her last sight of Memil.

Sitting on a cliff, high over the swamp, with newfound wings and virility, he'd stopped and trilled a quick song back to her before flying off in search of the few remaining females of his kind.

She knew the family would add this to her list of failures: that she lost the last male dragon. And the only tame one in ages, at that. But she, and Sarha, knew—it was the first of their successes.

●

What does it all mean?

Heavy Metal means a lot of things, but to most people, it is simply the most exciting, colorful, and unusual new magazine being published. It already has more readers than any other adult fantasy or science fiction magazine in the world.

In many areas, *Heavy Metal* sells so quickly that readers aren't always able to get their monthly copies. One way to make sure to get yours is to subscribe now. And, by the way, there are substantial savings over newsstand prices.

HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

unusually tough. as in *heavy duty*

heavy-footed, *adj.* heavy or clumsy in walking

heavy-handed, *adj.* 1) clumsy, tactless 2) oppressive, tyrannical

heavy metal, *n.* 1) a metal of high specific gravity 2) gun or shot of large size, hence fig., ability, mental or bodily, power, influence, as "he is a man of *heavy metal*" 3) music that is predominantly brass or electronically produced, loud rock music with strong, sensuous rhythms. 4) from the French *Metal Hurlant*, lit., screaming metal, a magnificent new magazine with emphasis on brilliant and unusual science fiction fantasy art, bizarre stories, etc.

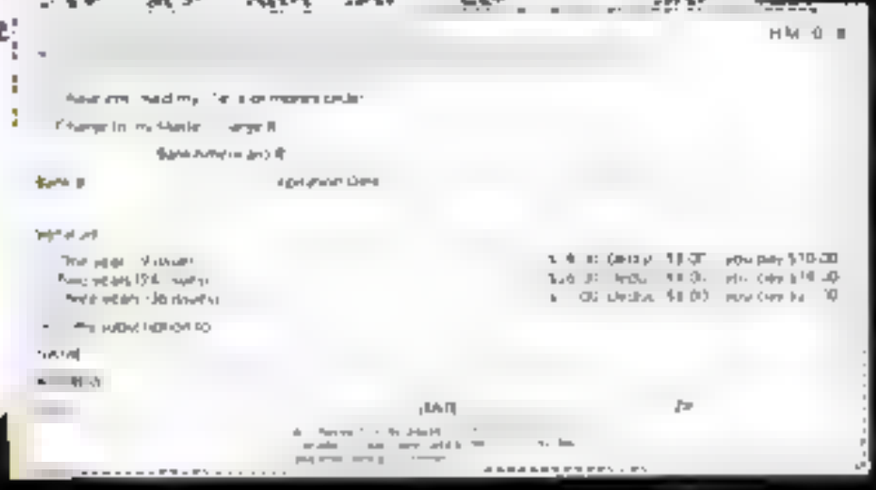
racket, *n* (Slang), a branch of crime that involves or m

personal violence.

compound like water, composed of oxygen

on of atomic weight 2, water enrich

studies and as a moderator



6 FROM HEAVY METAL

CONQUERING ARMIES: From Heavy Metal's [illegible] and the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always [illegible]. Script by Metal Hurlant editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9" x 12". $4.95 HM4013

HEAVY METAL
Conquering Armies

ULYSSES, PART I: Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you Candice at Sea), based on the epic by Homer (who brought you the Iliad). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wits against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been [illegible]. Full color 9" x 12". $4.95 HM4014

HEAVY METAL
ULYSSES

PSYCHOROCK

PSYCHOROCK: Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky up open and intergalactic bikers battle androids and robots for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size [illegible] by 8 $3.95 HM4010

ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. $5.95 HM4011

HEAVY METAL presents
ARZACH

IS MAN GOOD?: From *Heavy Metal's* first year, the collected full color Moebius, including the sixteen page space-age saga "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe" and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal's* most acclaimed author-artist. Full color illustrations throughout. 9" x 12". $5.95 HM4015

HEAVY METAL presents
Candice AT SEA

CANDICE AT SEA: A new comic heroine in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise. Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical hilarity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome-coat cover. 9" by 12". $3.95 HM4012

HEAVY METAL BOOKS, Dept HM1078
635 Madison Avenue New York N Y 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below

Please add 60¢ per title for postage and shipping charges

Enclosed find $ Send check or money order only
Payable to HEAVY METAL BOOKS

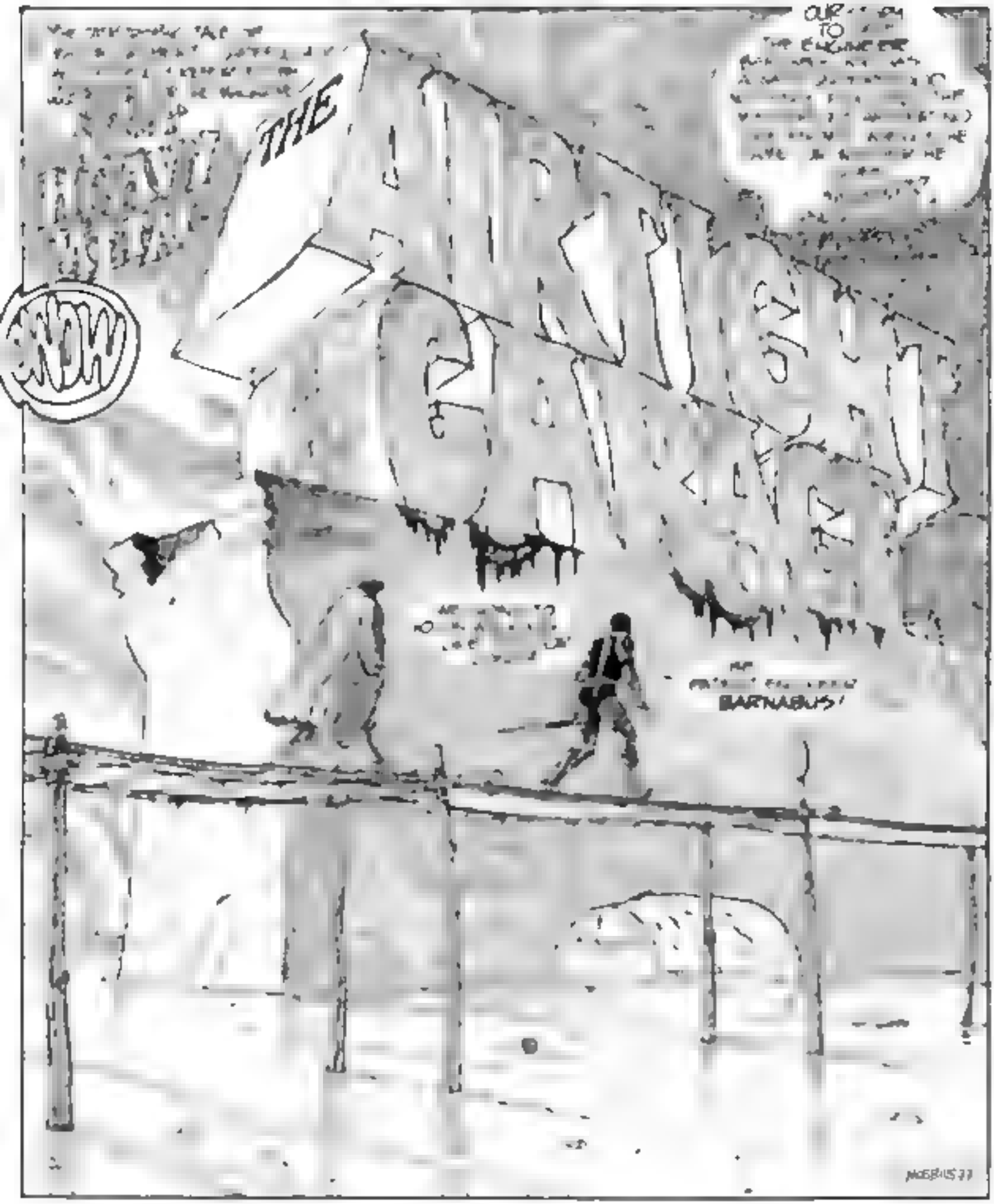
Sales Tax For delivery in N Y C add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State add 6%

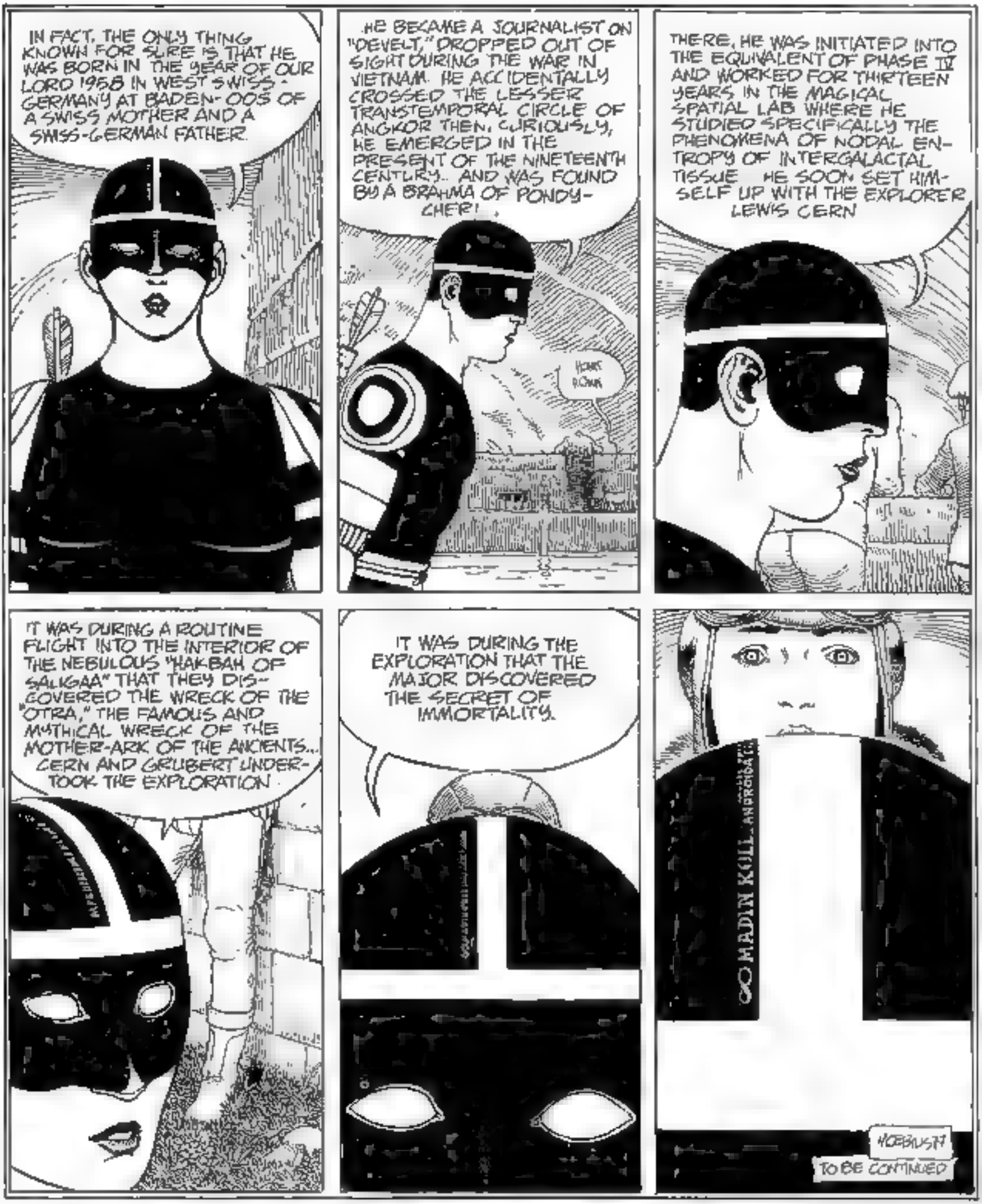
☐ HM4010	☐ HM4011	☐ HM4012
☐ HM4013	☐ HM4014	☐ HM4015

Name
(Please print)

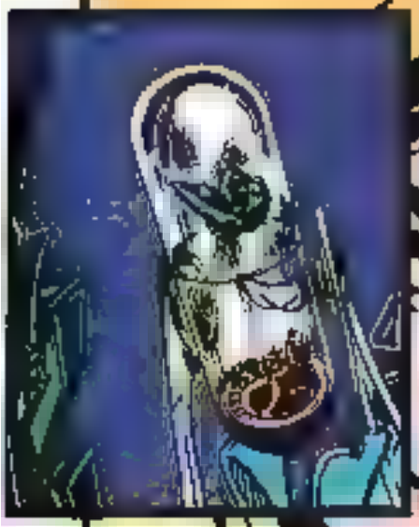
Address

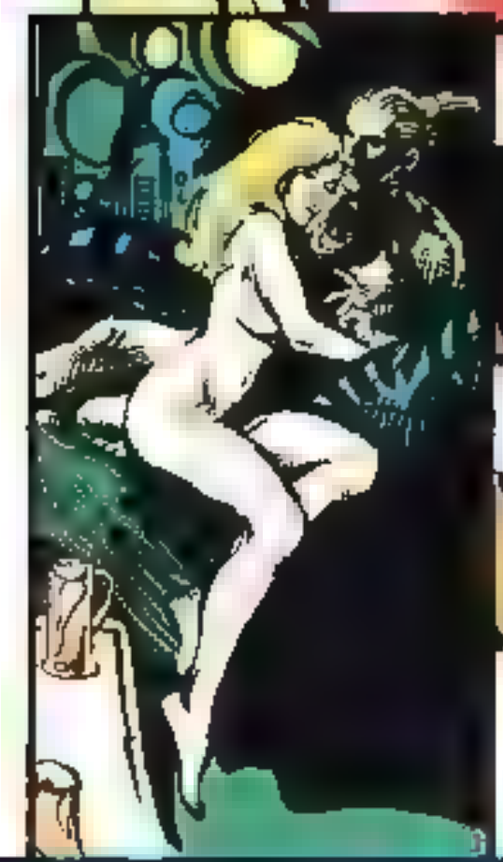
City State Zip

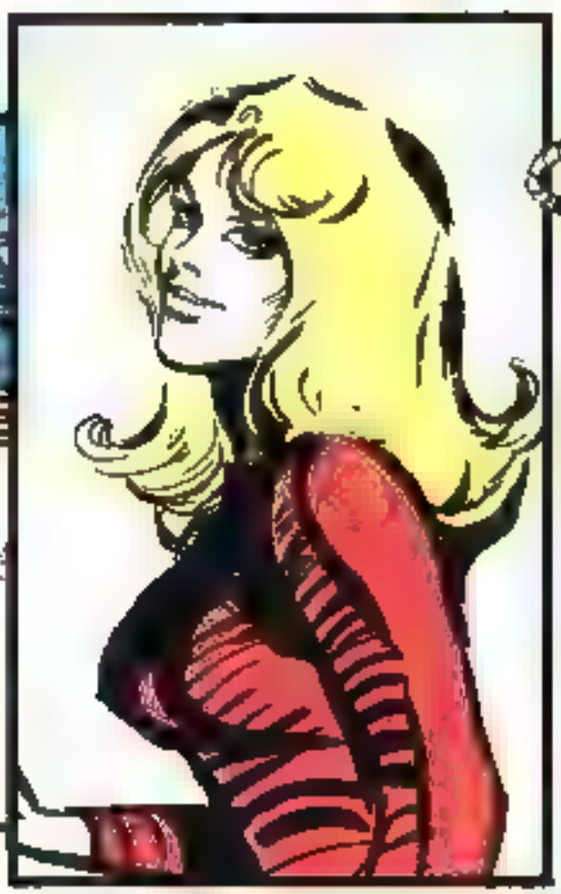

THE
NOW
BARNABUS!
MOEBIUS 77


IN FACT, THE ONLY THING KNOWN FOR SURE IS THAT HE WAS BORN IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1958 IN WEST SWISS-GERMANY AT BADEN-OOS OF A SWISS MOTHER AND A SWISS-GERMAN FATHER.
HE BECAME A JOURNALIST ON "DEVELT," DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT DURING THE WAR IN VIETNAM. HE ACCIDENTALLY CROSSED THE LESSER TRANSTEMPORAL CIRCLE OF ANGKOR THEN, CURIOUSLY, HE EMERGED IN THE PRESENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY... AND WAS FOUND BY A BRAHMA OF PONDY-CHERI.
HOWDY DOWN
THERE, HE WAS INITIATED INTO THE EQUIVALENT OF PHASE IV AND WORKED FOR THIRTEEN YEARS IN THE MAGICAL SPATIAL LAB WHERE HE STUDIED SPECIFICALLY THE PHENOMENA OF NODAL ENTROPY OF INTERGALACTAL TISSUE. HE SOON SET HIMSELF UP WITH THE EXPLORER LEWIS CERN
IT WAS DURING A ROUTINE FLIGHT INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE NEBULOUS "HAKBAH OF SALIGAA" THAT THEY DISCOVERED THE WRECK OF THE "OTRA," THE FAMOUS AND MYTHICAL WRECK OF THE MOTHER-ARK OF THE ANCIENTS... CERN AND GRUBERT UNDERTOOK THE EXPLORATION.
IT WAS DURING THE EXPLORATION THAT THE MAJOR DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY.
MADIN KULL
TO BE CONTINUED

BARBARELLA'S BORN AGAIN!







[illegible] FINEST FANTASY ADVENTURES TAKES ON THE [illegible] ANTAGONISTS SHE'S EVER HAD TO FACE IN THIS COLLECTION OF ALL NEW EPISODES FROM THE PEN OF CREATOR JEAN-CLAUDE FOREST

BARBARELLA'S SPACED-OUT IN OUTER SPACE, GOING EVERY WHICH WAY— INCLUDING THE FAMILY WAY ALSO FEATURED A RETROSPECTIVE BRINGING AMERICAN READERS UP-TO-DATE WITH THE QUEEN OF THE COSMOS PLUS ACTION STILLS FROM THE HIT FEATURE FILM STARRING JANE FONDA A PRIME PACKAGE OF SCI-FI FUN FROM HEAVY METAL BOOKS

HEAVY METAL HM 1078
635 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

YES, PLEASE SEND ME ___ COPY (S) OF BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD I ENCLOSE $8.95 FOR EACH COPY.

PLEASE ADD 60¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING

SALES TAX FOR DELIVERY IN NEW YORK CITY, ADD 8% FOR DELIVERY ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK STATE, ADD 6%

NAME _____
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

GLASS GOBLIN

[illegible] Rudy [illegible] Los Angeles [illegible]

[illegible] came down the sidewalk and stopped in front.

[illegible] Boards covered [illegible] windows.

A baby carriage was overturned on the front walk.

The front door was ornately carved.

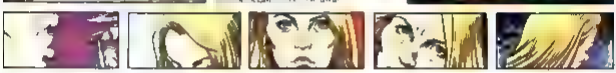
Darkness seemed to breathe heavily.

Rudy shifted the duffel bag slightly on his shoulder. He was afraid of the house. He was breathing more heavily as he stood there, and a chill he could never have described tightened the flat muscles on either side of his shoulderblades. He looked up into the corner of the darkening sky, seeking a way out, but he could only go forward. Kris[illegible] was in there.

Another girl answered the door.

She looked at him without speaking, her long blond hair half-obscuring her face, peering out from inside the veil of hair and dirt. When he asked a second time for Kris, she wet her lips in the corners, and a tic made her cheek jump. Rudy set down the duffel bag with a whump. "Kris, please," he said urgently.

The house [illegible] houses. Rudy [illegible] he was [illegible] is a wall of [illegible]



He reflexively inhaled, and his head reeled. He took a step [illegible] sunlight [illegible] building [illegible] was still [illegible] dragging the duffel bag behind him.

[illegible] did not remember closing the front [illegible] but when he looked some time later it [illegible] closed behind him.

He found Kris on the third floor, lying against the wall of a dark closet. It held an [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] whispering [illegible]

[illegible] But when he [illegible] tried to focus his [illegible] on [illegible]

[illegible] further into the [illegible]

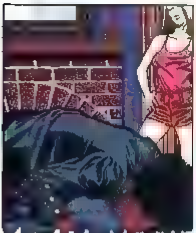
[illegible] moved into the closet after her.

[illegible] crushing the rabbit." He looked down, his right [illegible]

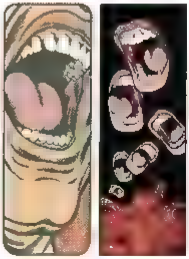
[illegible] had already spoken [illegible] for her to come back to him. He had [illegible] come back to him [illegible] she had written: Rudy, I'm going to live with Jonah at The [illegible]

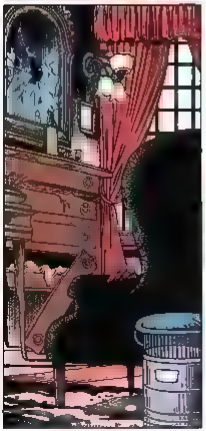
[illegible]

[illegible] Machine



STEVIE
WONDER
I WAS
MADE TO
LOVE HER





[illegible] oil.

"May I help you?" Rudy asked them.

The first cop said, "Do you live here?"

"Yes," said Rudy. "My name is Rudolph Rocket. May I help you?"

"We'd like to come inside and talk to you."

"Do you have a search warrant?"

"We don't want to search, we only want to talk to you. Are you in the army?"

"Just discharged. I came home to see my family."

"Can we come in?"

"No, sir."

The second cop looked troubled. "Is this the place they call 'The Hill'?"

"What?" Rudy asked, looking perplexed.

"Well, the neighbors said this was 'The Hill' and there were some pretty wild parties going on here."

"Do you hear any partying?"

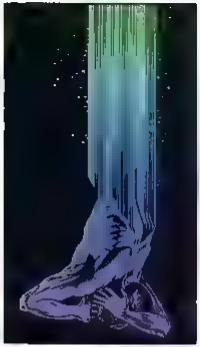
The cops looked at each other. Rudy added, "It's always very quiet here. My mother is dying of cancer of the stomach."

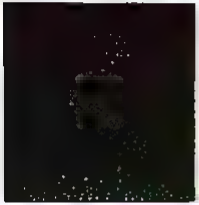
They let Rudy [illegible] because he was only [illegible] talk to people who came to the door from outside. Aside from Rudy, who went out to get food and on the weekly trips to the methadone clinic, no one left The Hill. It was usually very quiet.

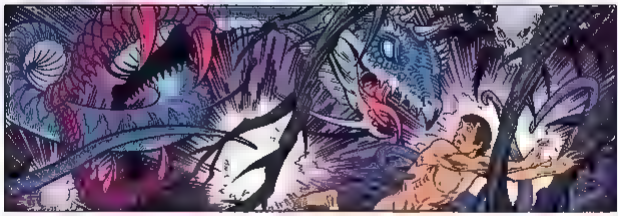
Except sometimes there was a sound of [illegible] on the back hall leading up to what had been a maid's room, and the splashing from the basement, the sound of wet things on bricks.

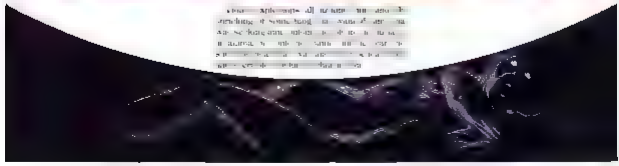
It was a self-contained little universe, bordered on the north by acid and mescaline, on the south by pot and peyote, on the east by speed and redballs, and on the west by downers and amphetamines. There were eleven people living in The Hill. Eleven, and Rudy.

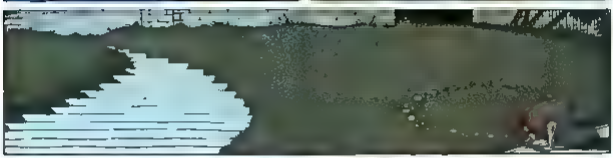
AIL



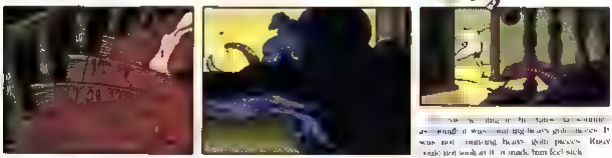


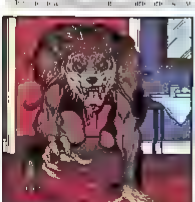


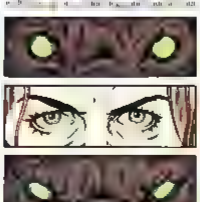


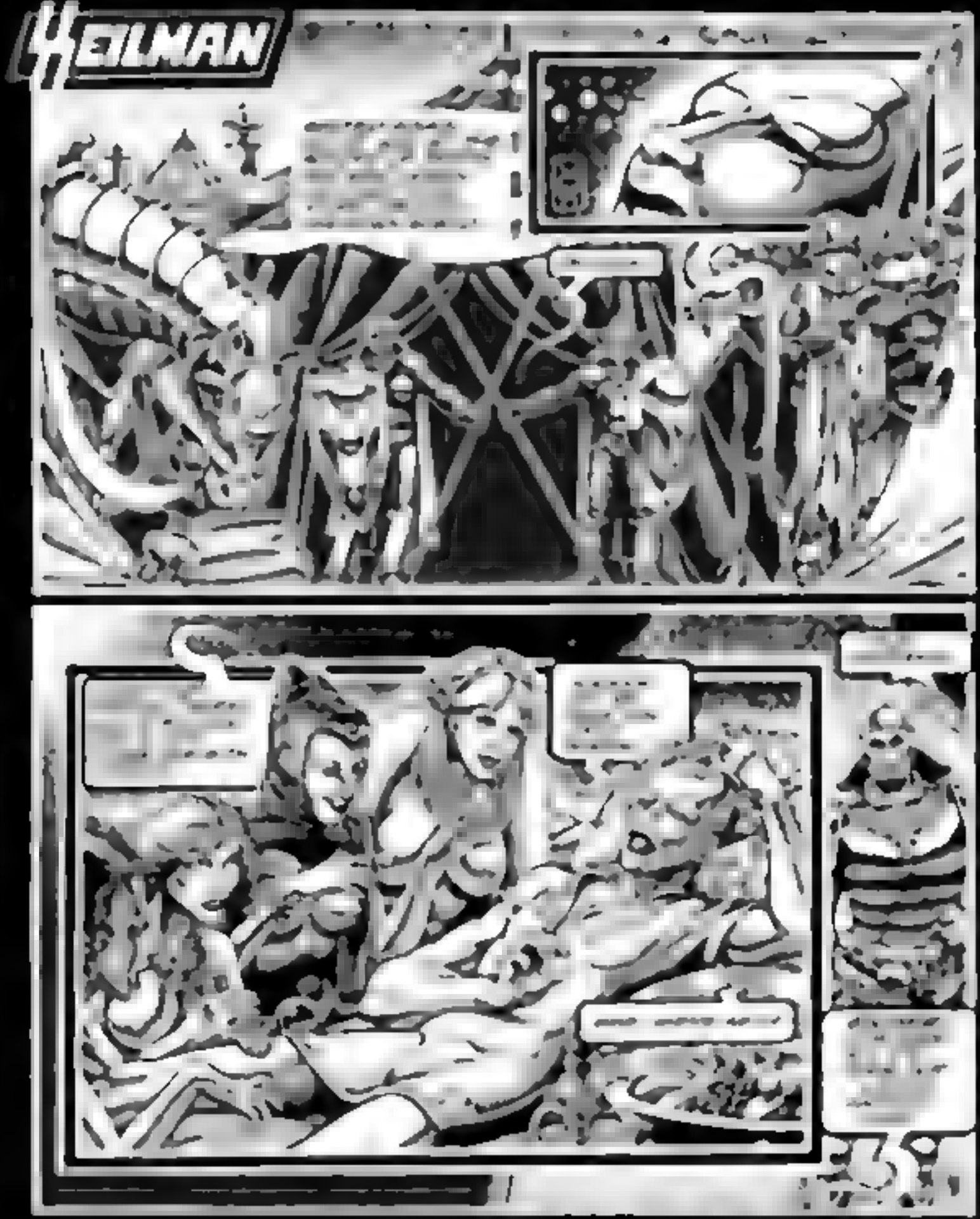


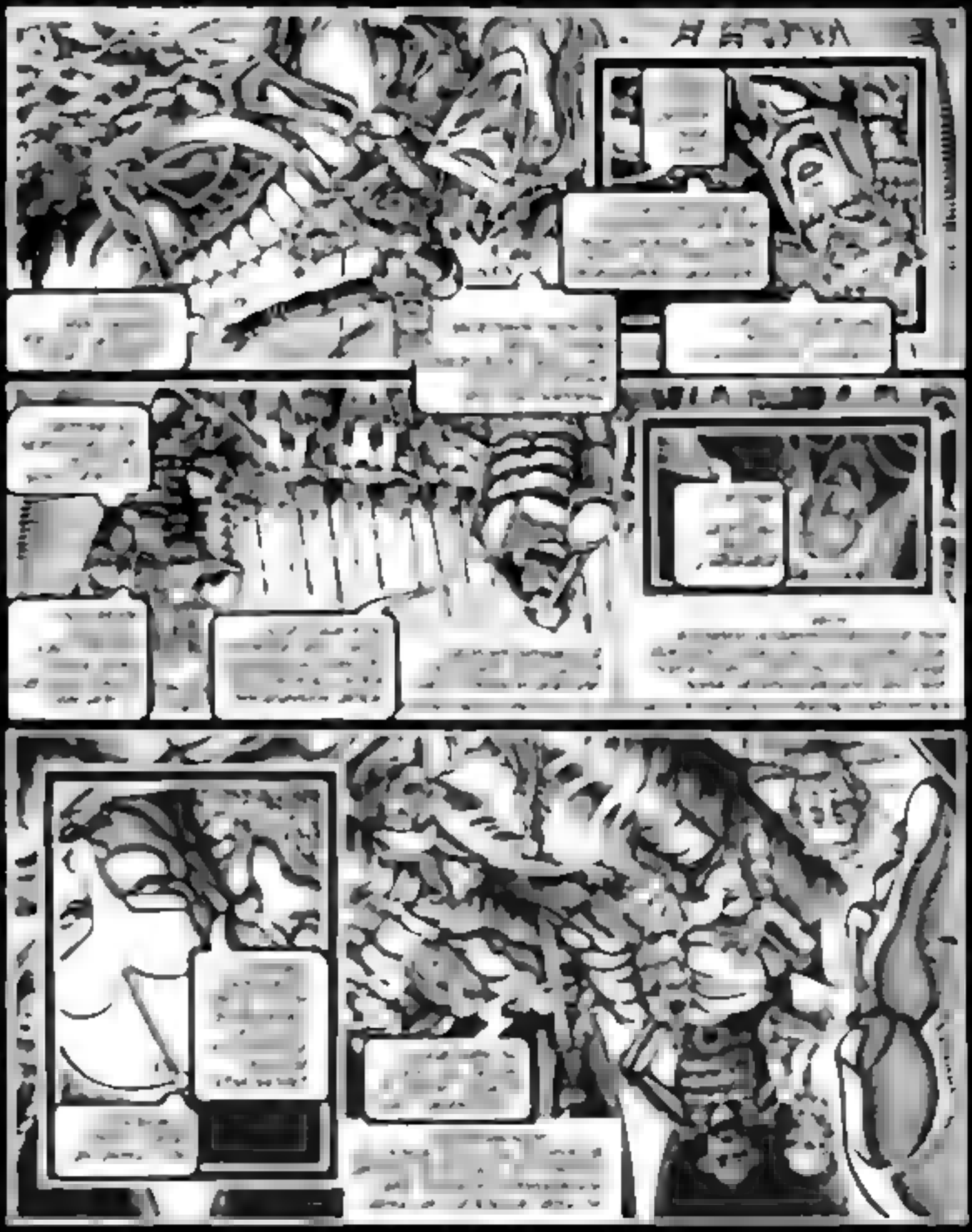
After that Mindy seldom went out in the night. He died by shooting at night situations, shades. He could [illegible] at night and he went to the [illegible] walls and [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

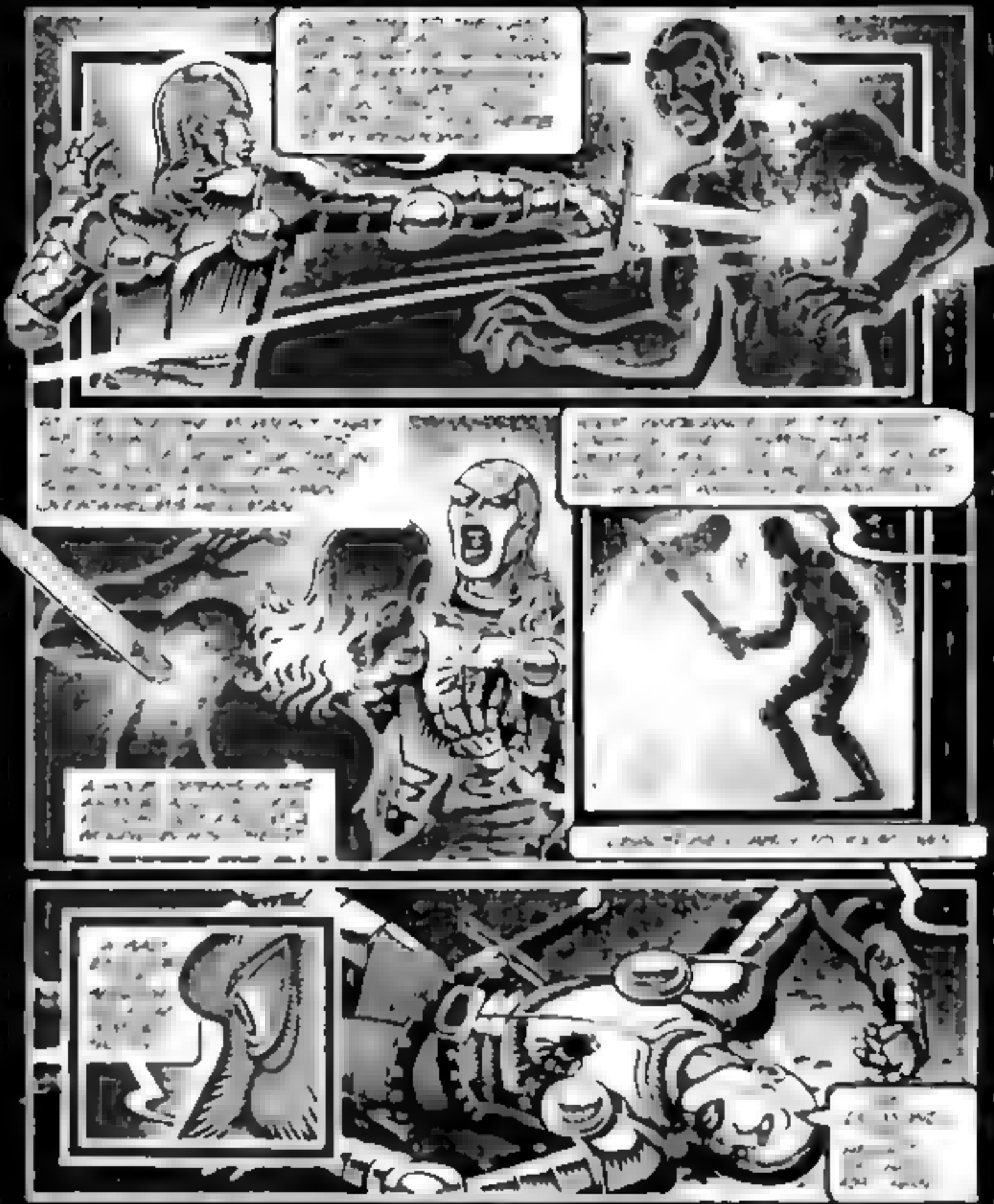







HEILMAN



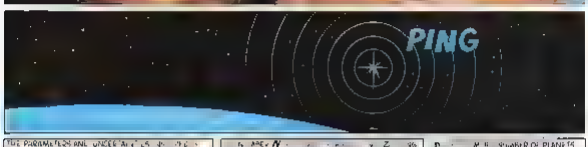


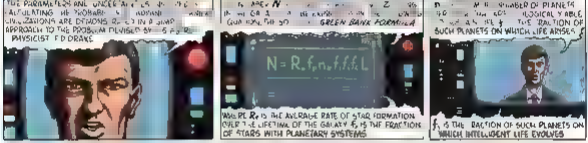
WHEN THE LIFE OF THE BODY DEPARTED HE WAS SAID TO HAVE TAKEN THE HEART OF THE FOE AND ATE IT RAW IN THE BELIEF THAT IT WOULD MAKE HIM STRONG AS A LION
THE HEART OF HAMOGIAN!
BY SOME STRANGE ACCIDENT WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE WITHIN HIM
I WAS CLOSE TO KILLING HIMAT I AM NOW BUT BLAMED THIS BROKEN ARM
NOW THANKS TO MY DIAMOND HE IS GREAT AT LAST
BUT I HAVE DECIDED THAT HE SHALL HAVE ANOTHER TRIAL YOU ALL AT TURN FROM WHERE HE CAME AND THE WEAKLING WHERE WE ONCE LET PREY TO FATE
WHEREIN YOU SHALL BE GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE TO TEAR FLESH LIKE
AND HE SHALL BE FREE TO DIE AT LAST
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY
AT THE TIME OF THE TIGER SURVIVAL WERE RAN

"THERE'S NO OTHER ALIENS" THE FIRST EXISTENTIAL SCIENCE FICTION COMIC STORY

PROLOGUE

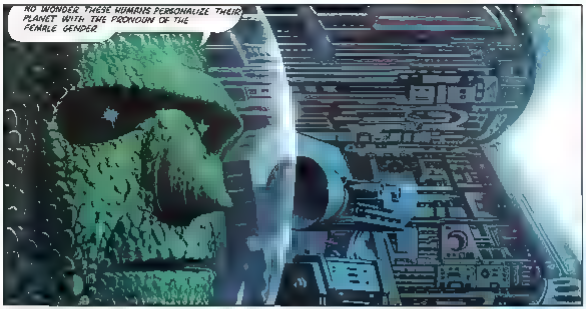
DEDICATED TO THE HUMAN RACE TO WHICH MOST OF MY READERS BELONG
© ANGUS MCKIE 1978 A D




THE PARAMETERS AND UNCERTAINTIES IN THE CALCULATING METHODS MAKE ANY ATTEMPT AT ANSWERING THE QUESTION ARE DIMENSIONS. ONE OF THE MORE SOPHISTICATED APPROACHES TO THE PROBLEM DEVISED BY THE AMERICAN PHYSICIST F D DRAKE
GREEN BANK FORMULA
N = R, f, n, f, f, L
WHERE R, IS THE AVERAGE RATE OF STAR FORMATION OVER THE LIFETIME OF THE GALAXY
f, IS THE FRACTION OF STARS WITH PLANETARY SYSTEMS
THE NUMBER OF PLANETS
LOGICAL WHILE
THE FRACTION OF SUCH PLANETS ON WHICH LIFE ARISES
f, IS THE FRACTION OF SUCH PLANETS ON WHICH INTELLIGENT LIFE EVOLVES
f, IS THE FRACTION OF THOSE IN WHICH TECHNICAL CIVILIZATION DEVELOPS AND L IS THE MEAN LIFETIME OF SUCH HIGHLY CIVILIZATIONS
HERE ARE ABOUT 2 · 10 STARS IN THE GALAXY AND THE AGE OF THE GALAXY IS ABOUT 10 YEARS
THEREFORE A VALUE OF R = 10 STARS PER YEAR IS PROBABLY REASONABLE THROUGH MEASUREMENT OF SLIGHT GRAVITATIONAL PERTURBATIONS IN THE PROPER MOTIONS OF STARS WE KNOW THAT ABOUT HALF OF THE NEAREST STARS HAVE DARK COMPANIONS
THE NEAREST OF THESE ORBITS BARNARD'S STAR SIX LIGHT-YEARS FROM THE SUN
THE DISTRIBUTION OF PLANETARY SYSTEMS AMONG STARS MAY BE WIDE VARIATIONS AMONG THE MOLECULES COMPRISING ALL WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE SIMPLEST COMPOUNDS HAVE BEEN FOUND ABOUT THEM
BECAUSE OF THE ABUNDANCE OF THE ORGANIC MOLECULES IN BOTH AS WELL AS THE FOSSIL RECORD AND THE EASE WITH WHICH THE RELEVANT ORGANIC MOLECULES CAN BE PRODUCED IN SIMULATION EXPERIMENTS THE LIKELIHOOD OF LIFE ORIGINATING OVER BILLIONS OF YEARS SEEMS QUITE HIGH
AND SO MANY SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THAT THE APPROPRIATE VALUE FOR f, IS ALSO ABOUT ONE
FOR THE QUANTITY f, AMONG THE PARAMETERS ARE EVEN MORE UNCERTAIN
IT IS DIFFICULT TO CONCEIVE THE VAGARIES OF THE EVOLUTIONARY PATH WHICH LED TO MAMMALS ON EARTH EACH BEARING ESSENTIALLY THE SAME IN THE UNIVERSE

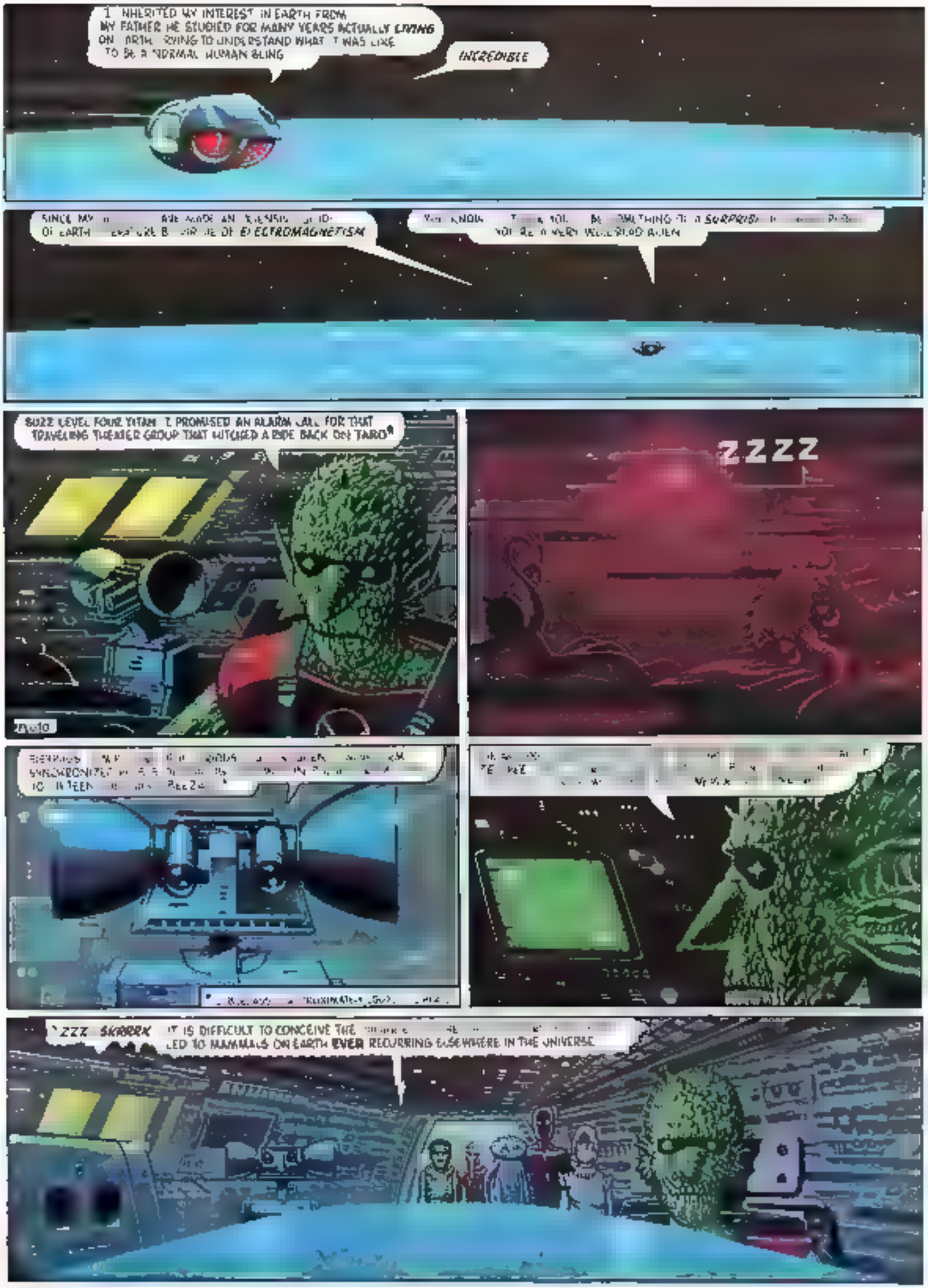
END OF PROLOGUE

OKAY TITAN, WE'RE IN ORBIT SET THE INERTIAL GUIDANCE AND AUTHORIZE THE SHIELDS
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE LEGENDARY PLANET EARTH
I'VE HEARD IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

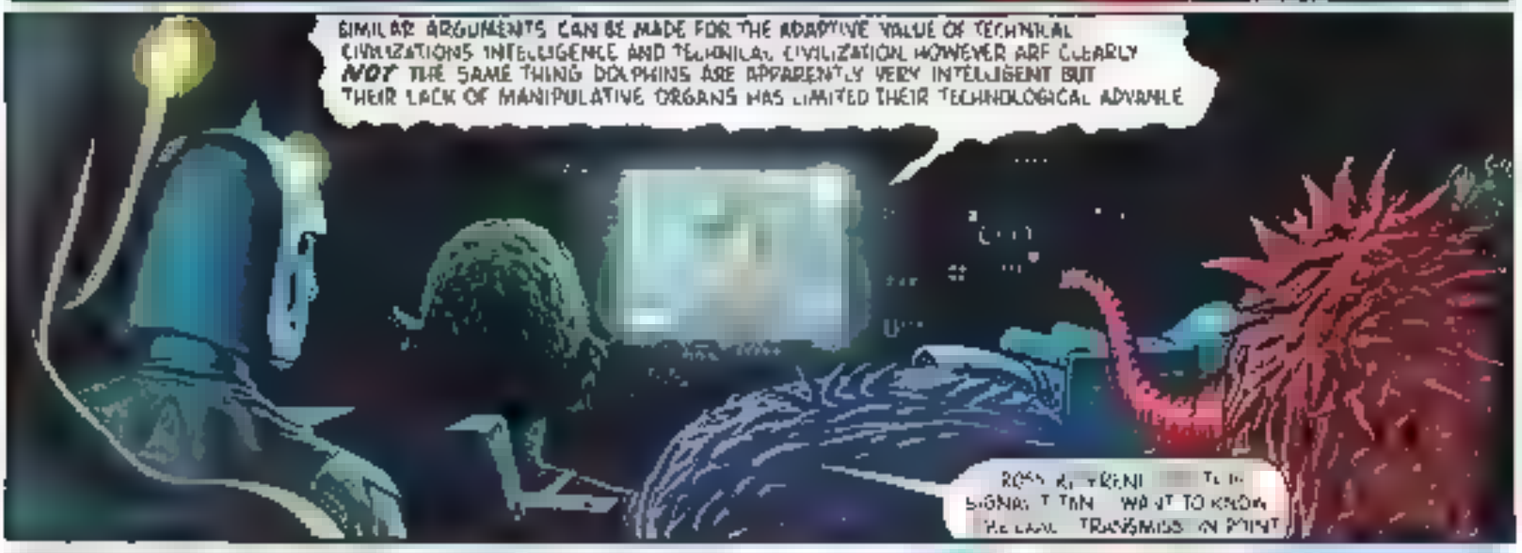

NO WONDER THESE HUMANS PERSONALIZE THEIR PLANET WITH THE PRONOUN OF THE FEMALE GENDER

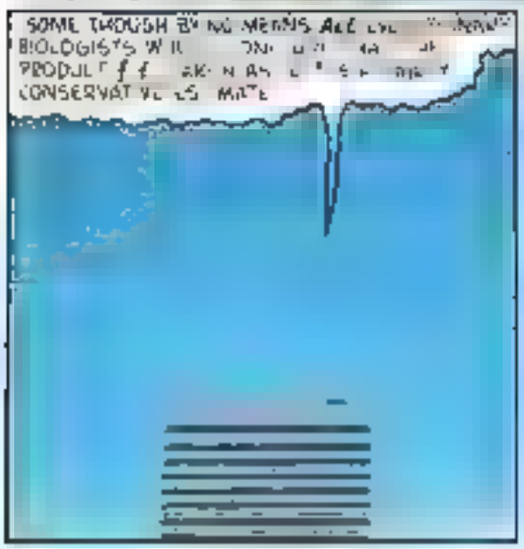
THEY SAY THAT THERE IS GREEN GRASS ON EARTH, SHYMMER!
TITAN I'D BELIEVE ANYTHING IN THIS PART OF THE GALAXY THERE MUST BE A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS DOWN THERE BUT I HAVEN'T COME HALFWAY ACROSS THE ENTIRE GALAXY JUST TO SIGHTSEE

I WOULD HAVE EXPLAINED EVERYTHING TO YOU LONG AGO BUT FOR THE FACT THAT YOU ARE A ROBOT AND IT WOULD ALL ULTIMATELY BE MEANINGLESS TO YOU
HOWEVER BELIEVE ME THERE IS A VERY SERIOUS PURPOSE BEHIND ALL THIS


I INHERITED MY INTEREST IN EARTH FROM MY FATHER HE STUDIED FOR MANY YEARS ACTUALLY LIVING ON EARTH TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE A NORMAL HUMAN BEING
INCREDIBLE
SINCE MY [illegible] ARE MADE AN [illegible] OF EARTH [illegible] OF ELECTROMAGNETISM
YOU KNOW [illegible] YOU BE SOMETHING IS A SURPRISE [illegible] YOU'RE A VERY WELL READ ALIEN
BUZZ LEVEL FOUR TITAN I PROMISED AN ALARM CALL FOR THAT TRAVELING TICKLER GROUP THAT HITCHED A RIDE BACK ON TARO
ZZZZ
SYNCHRONIZED [illegible] IO IN TEEN [illegible]
[illegible] PE [illegible]
ZZZ SKRRRK IT IS DIFFICULT TO CONCEIVE THE [illegible] LED TO MAMMALS ON EARTH EVER RECURRING ELSEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE

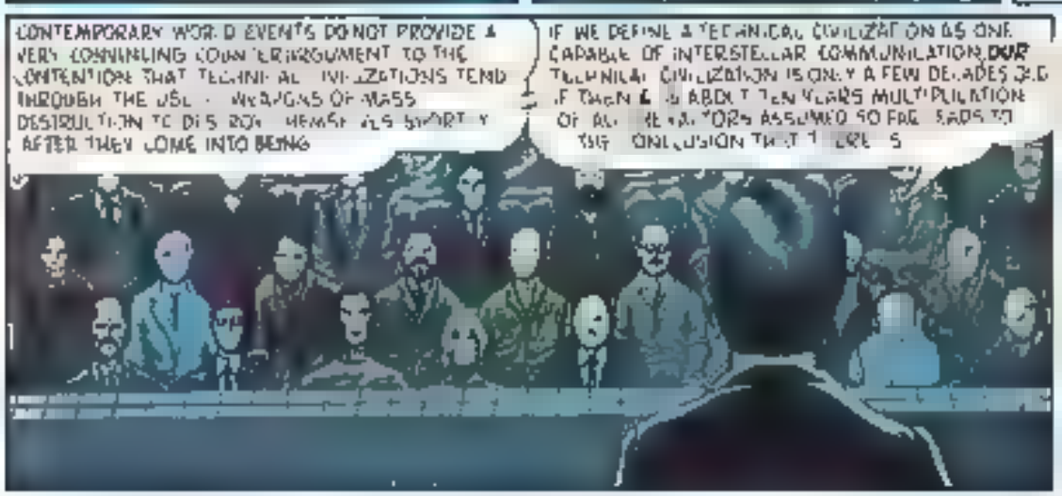
ON THE OTHER HAND, INTELLIGENCE NEED NOT BE RESTRICTED TO ONLY THE EVOLUTIONARY PATH WHICH OCCURRED ON EARTH AND CLEARLY HAS GREAT SELECTIVE ADVANTAGES TO BOTH PREDATOR AND PREY


SIMILAR ARGUMENTS CAN BE MADE FOR THE ADAPTIVE VALUE OF TECHNICAL CIVILIZATIONS INTELLIGENCE AND TECHNICAL CIVILIZATION HOWEVER ARE CLEARLY NOT THE SAME THING DOLPHINS ARE APPARENTLY VERY INTELLIGENT BUT THEIR LACK OF MANIPULATIVE ORGANS HAS LIMITED THEIR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE


SOME THOUGH BY NO MEANS ALL
BIOLOGISTS WI
PRODUCT
CONSERVATIVES MATE

STILL MORE UNCERTAIN
PARAMETER
LIFETIME OF A
CIVILIZATION

HERE THERE IS NOT
EVEN ONE EXAMPLE

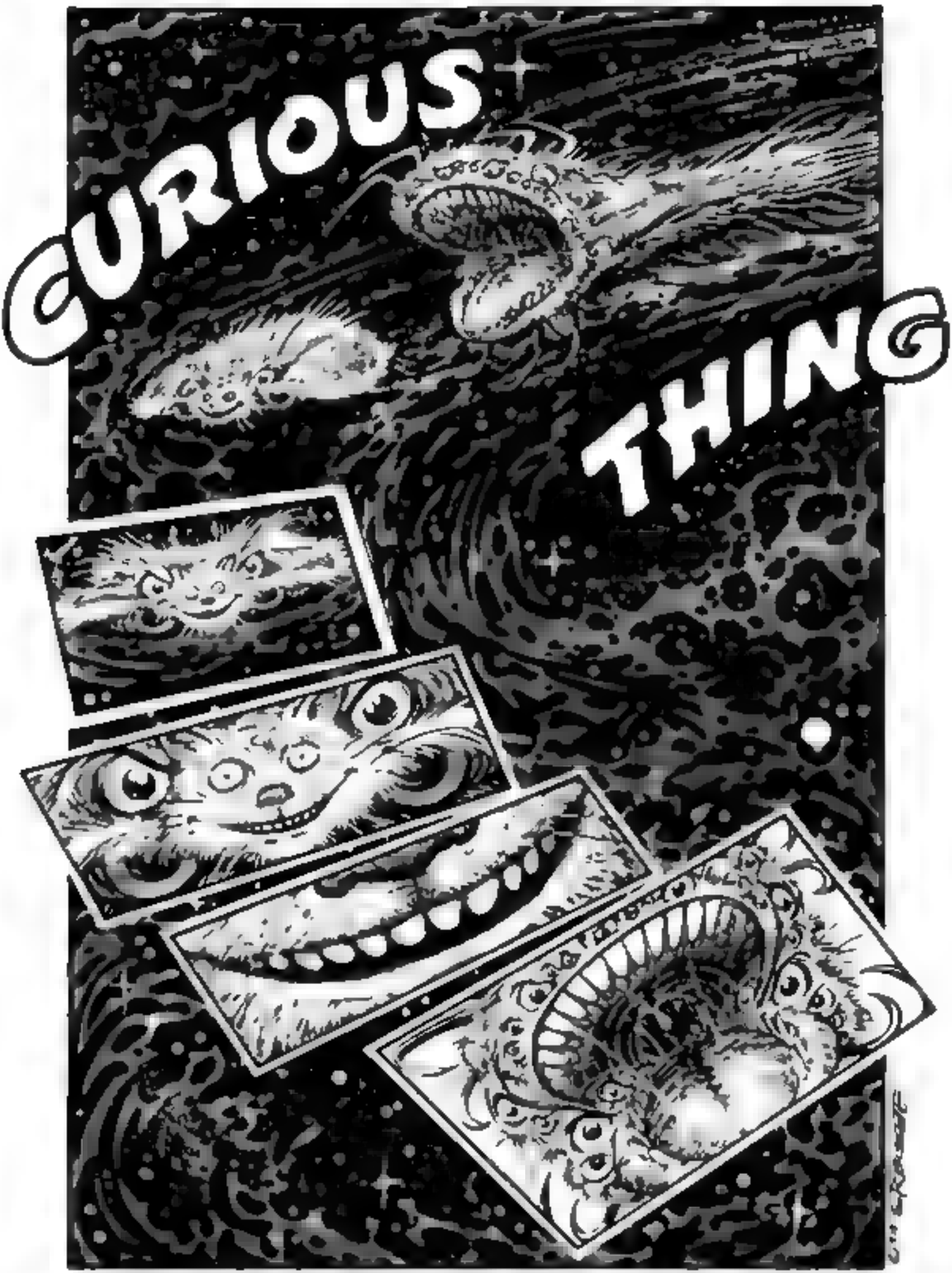

CONTEMPORARY WORLD EVENTS DO NOT PROVIDE A VERY CONVINCING COUNTERARGUMENT TO THE CONTENTION THAT TECHNICAL CIVILIZATIONS TEND THROUGH THE USE OF WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION TO DISPOSE THEMSELVES SHORTLY AFTER THEY COME INTO BEING
IF WE DEFINE A TECHNICAL CIVILIZATION AS ONE CAPABLE OF INTERSTELLAR COMMUNICATION, OUR TECHNICAL CIVILIZATION IS ONLY A FEW DECADES OLD IF THEN IS ABOUT TEN YEARS MULTIPLICATION OF ALL FACTORS ASSUMED SO FAR LEADS TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THERE

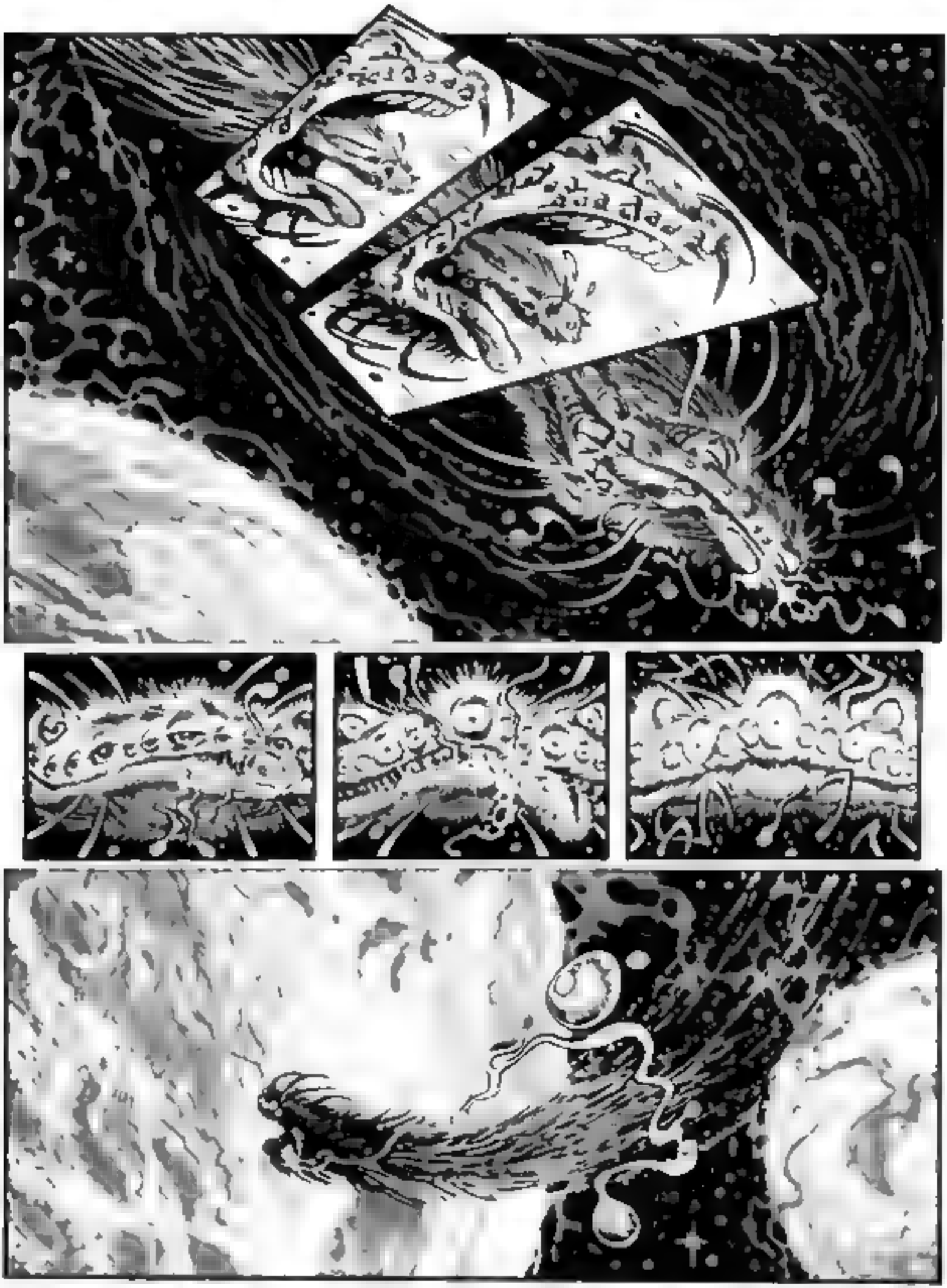
IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ONLY ONE TECHNICAL CIVILIZATION IN THE GALAXY AND THAT IS

OUR DUTY

AH! BUT IF TECHNICAL CIVILIZATIONS AVOID SELF-ANNIHILATION, THEN THEIR LIFETIMES MAY BE VERY LONG IN THE GEOLOGICAL OR STELLAR EVOLUTIONARY TIME SCALE...
AND THEN ACCORDING TO YOUR FORMULA THE NUMBER OF TECHNICAL CIVILIZATIONS IN THE GALAXY WOULD BE
IMMENSE!
NO NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S NOT REAL!!
DEFYING THE GREENBANK FORMULA
I KNEW THERE WAS A GOD
C'EST BELLE
JUMP ON THE ROOF WITH THAT CAMERA
NOT AT ALL. NOT AT ALL. EVEN ONE PERCENT OF TECHNICAL CIVILIZATIONS MAKE PEACE WITH THEMSELVES THAT WOULD GIVE A HUGE NUMBER OF

ONE *MILLION* EXTANT TECHNICAL CIVILIZATIONS IN THE GALAXY
I SUPPOSE IT JUST *DEPENDS*
ON WHETHER YOU'RE A *PESSIMIST* OR AN *OPTIMIST*
TO BE CONTINUED


CURIOUS
THING



HHAUUUUR

END

TIME MACHINE

HEAVY METAL

The fantasy calendar for 1979 is from *Heavy Metal*, of course. From its cover by Richard Corben to Moebius in December, a year's worth of stunning, haunting, exciting ORIGINAL illustrations by *Heavy Metal* artists—including Druillet, Claveloux, and Kaluta, and special dates—Tarzan's birthday, Druid feasts, the anniversary of the end of the world. Order two—it's an ideal gift for old rich relatives with weak hearts.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 1078
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me_____copies of the *Heavy Metal* Calendar at $4.95 each.

Please add 75¢ per calendar for shipping and handling.

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____